

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 74, Vol. 3.

March 28, 1857.

PRICE 5d.
Stamped 6d.

ELIJAH-POGRAMISM.

THERE are few people fonder of laughing at their neighbours than the English, yet there are none who are less conscious of what is ridiculous in themselves. We have caricatured, satirized, and dramatized the follies of America, probably without an idea that it is possible we may be just as absurd ourselves. Who has not laughed over the "most remarkable men in this country, sir," whom MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT encounters—from Colonel ROWDY, the editor of the *Rowdy Journal*, with his War Correspondent, Mr. JEFFERSON BRICK, down to Mr. CHOLLOP, who goes with a bowie-knife and a revolver "to plant the flowers of civilization in the wilder recesses of my country." It is this last-named eminent patriot and statesman who intimates to the Englishman that it will be wiser for him to refrain from comment on the "institutions" of America—informing him, with a significant glance at his belt, that "We air a great people, sir, and we must be cracked up."

When we see all this written in a book as a quiz upon the Yankees, we enjoy it amazingly; but does it ever occur to us that, if the Yankees themselves had the least turn for fun—which, fortunately for us, they have not—they might write just as good squibs upon us? Just look at what is going on at this moment. From the Prime Minister down to the Editor of the *Rowdy Journal* and his War Correspondent—everybody goes about shouting, "We air a great people, and we must be cracked up." And this is the only answer we can get to any remonstrance against the violation of the principles of truth, justice, and humanity. They don't condescend to argue with you—partly, no doubt, from a noble filibustering scorn for the quibbles of the law—partly, perhaps, from a vague suspicion that right is not the strong part of their case. But they overwhelm you with "Bunkum." If you will not "crack them up," you are denounced as afflicted with a thoroughly "European prejudice against the institutions of our country."

When MARTIN met that remarkable man, ELIJAH POGRAM, on board the Mississippi steamer, all the passengers expected him to fall down and worship the author of the *Pogram Defiance*; but that eminent statesman did not long delay giving him a specimen of the style. "Rough he may be," cried the patriot—"so air our Bairs. Wild he may be—so air our Buffalors. But he is a Child of Natur, and a Child of Freedom; and his boastful answer to the Despot and the Tyrant is, that his Bright Home is in the Settin' Sun." "Part of this," observes Mr. DICKENS, "referred to CHOLLOP, and part to a Western postmaster, who, being a public defaulter not long before, had been removed from office, and on whose behalf POGRAM had thundered the last sentence, from his seat in Congress, at the head of an unpopular President." Now it is very well for us to laugh at ELIJAH POGRAM and his admirers; but we ask seriously, are we not at this very moment living under the dominion of pure Pogramism? It is totally impossible to get a reasonable answer to a reasonable question on any political subject whatever. If we propose to discuss Sir J. BOWRING, we are told—"Though he may be rough, so air our Bairs. But he is a child of Freedom and a child of Nature. And if you wish to say anything more, sir, on the Chinese question, then my boastful answer to you is, that my bright home is in the settin' sun." It is no use saying, "Well, what then?" Pogramism is too strong for us. It rules us with a rod of iron. If we ask, How about peace, or retrenchment, or reform, or anything else, it is always the same thing—POGRAM tells us that his "bright home is in the settin' sun." And so we are cornered. The answer is conclusive, and we had better say no more about it.

But it is not only their "Bunkum" which we have

borrowed from the Yankees—there is another quality on which their remarkable men especially plume themselves, of which we can produce a very fair imitation. "I guess, sir, we air a smart people," says Mr. POGRAM. But Mr. POGRAM would find his match at Tiverton. For true American "smartness" we will back Lord PALMERSTON's address to his constituents against any similar production on the other side of the Atlantic. The document commences with a statement that a vote of censure had been passed upon the Government by "the combined action of an aggregation of discordant elements." It has been usual heretofore in this country, when gentlemen and men of honour solemnly and explicitly deny that they have done a particular thing, to accept that denial, and to assume its truth. But Lord PALMERSTON is too "smart" a man to do anything so soft—he knows the value of a good election cry, and sticks to it. It is a serious thing, however, when the leading men in politics openly avow their disbelief in each others' word—it is perhaps one of the least agreeable elements of our modern Pogramism.

But the triumph of "smartness" is the PREMIER's statement of the Chinese difficulty. The reasons for which Canton was bombarded are thus set forth in the Tiverton Address:—"An insolent barbarian, wielding authority at Canton, had violated the British flag, broken the engagements of treaties, offered rewards for the heads of British subjects in that part of China, and planned their destruction by murder, assassination, and poison." We ask those who know anything of the history of these transactions, whether so dishonest a representation as this was ever put forth in a public document by a public man? Well may Lord MALMESBURY, even at the risk of incurring a castigation from the *Times*, demur to the historical accuracy of this wonderful statement. When were the rewards offered for the heads of British subjects? Why, nobody knows better than Lord PALMERSTON that it was after the bombardment of Canton. When was their destruction planned by murder, assassination, and poison? Why, the news of the poisoning did not arrive till the last night of the debate on Mr. COBDEN's motion. And yet the Prime Minister of England has the face to use these inflammatory topics as a justification of acts which preceded them, not by days, but by weeks. A man might just as well defend the invasion of the Crimea on the ground of the cruelty of the Russians in the battle of Inkermann. When we find the public thus deliberately misled on the simplest matters of fact from the highest quarter, we can no longer wonder that the Ministerial organ denounced the late House of Commons for reading the Blue-book. The Tiverton Address is framed on the assumption that nobody reads Blue-books. "The people," says the *Times*, "form a just opinion, because they have not mystified themselves by poring over the papers, but they know the facts." Yes, and how do they learn them? From the leaders of the *Times*, and the electioneering harangues and addresses of the Minister—sources of information apparently equally accurate, impartial, and veracious.

When we get beyond this paragraph in the Tiverton Address, we find nothing but mere POGRAM defiances. The tyrant and the despot is again and again boastfully informed that our bright home is in the settin' sun. And so we go down in what is called at the minor theatres a "blaze of triumph." There are certain phrases about "judicious economy," "progressive improvements," and "well-considered reform," the value of which materially depends on what they are understood to mean; and this, as they may mean everything or nothing, is at present not particularly clear. We are always rather suspicious of adjectives. Their general use in politics is to neutralize the noun, with which, nine times out of ten, they most ungrammatically disagree. "Economy," with an adjective, usually means something like profusion. "Improve-

ment" is not made stronger by being called "progressive"; nor are "reforms" generally more efficient when they are qualified as "well-considered."

However, we are not disposed to be critical about phrases, and we are quite ready to wait and see the performance itself. We hope that, when the heat of the election is over, we shall recover from our present condition of Pogramism, and that it will be possible again to get an audience for reason and common sense in public affairs. We trust that a good deal of the nonsense which is now so rampant will disappear with the hustings, and that, in the discussion of practical measures, we may be allowed to forget "that our bright home is in the settin' sun." We see with regret, and not without humiliation, that it can be thought expedient by any Minister in this country to make "Bunkum" his ticket. But now that the PREMIER has the prospect of a good majority, we hope he will kick down the election platform, like his American prototypes, and deliver us from the dominion of Pogramism. What will be the effect, as regards the new House of Commons, of the ridiculous clap-traps and false cries under cover of which it will have been gathered together, it may well puzzle the profoundest political sagacity to predict. The Chinese question is one with which Parliament will probably be very little troubled, and yet it is almost the only question with reference to which the new Parliament will have been constructed. Mr. HAYTER himself will probably be unable to form a much clearer idea than any one else as to the probable aspect of future division lists. Of all the knotty problems in the doctrine of chances we should think the most insoluble was this—What will be the working of a House of Commons elected without principles, under the direction of a Government without a policy?

AUSTRIA AND SARDINIA.

AN interruption of diplomatic intercourse used to be regarded as an intimation that a dispute had reached that stage at which the only alternative was a speedy settlement or a declaration of war. Of late years, the strong measure of withdrawing a Minister has lost much of its former significance, and we are not at all sure that the cause of peace is served by this innovation in diplomatic practice. It has come to be pretty generally understood that two countries may go on sulkily refusing to hold intercourse without any immediate danger of actual hostilities. Thus, several years ago, the ambassadors of Spain and England were mutually withdrawn, without sufficient cause, and were afterwards replaced without any intelligible alteration in the attitude of the two countries. Quite recently, we have submitted to the indignity of having our representative dismissed from the United States, and both England and France have formally cut their disreputable brother of Naples, without the smallest intention of following up the menace with any ulterior measures. Austria is now playing the same game. Because the Sardinian Government has not chosen to violate the laws of its own country by suppressing, without trial, a few journals which have given offence to the absolutism of Vienna, Count PAAR has been recalled from Turin; and the Sardinian Minister accredited to the Court of Austria has consequently received orders to return home. We do not believe that this is more than an exhibition of spleen on the part of the EMPEROR, nor do we think that there is on his side any desire to push the quarrel to the length of actual war. But it is obvious that the chances of collision are enormously increased by the reckless use of what ought to be considered the last expedient short of an appeal to physical force.

Every preliminary step which brings home to a Government the imminence of war has a direct tendency to avert that calamity. So long as the recall of an ambassador was regarded as a kind of ultimatum, it seldom failed to induce the contending States to look seriously into the matters in dispute, and to consider whether they were such as to warrant an appeal to arms, or whether some terms of accommodation might not be found. But now the most insignificant wrangle is thought sufficient to justify the cessation of international intercourse; and, as a necessary consequence, the wholesome moral influence of such an act is almost entirely lost. Instead of being understood as a grave warning, the withdrawal of an ambassador has no more effect than the withdrawal of a juror in a *Nisi Prius* trial. It no longer brings a quarrel to a crisis, but leaves it to smoulder on until prolonged estrangement, and the chances of future collision, may develop a trifling difference into an actual *casus belli*.

The grievance which is alleged as the pretext for Count PAAR's recall is one which not even the Government of Austria can seriously consider a legitimate occasion of war. The real motive of the step which has been taken is no doubt to be found in the vehement antagonism inevitably existing between the State which represents the cause of Italian freedom and the Empire whose energies have always been employed to crush the Peninsula under the weight of foreign despotism. But unless Austria is resolved at once to bring the quarrel to an issue, and to precipitate a war with her most disaffected provinces, she has everything to lose by widening the alienation between herself and Piedmont. Every month of sulky animosity will serve only to strengthen the hold of Sardinia upon the sympathies of Italians, as well within as beyond the Austrian frontier; and the immediate occasion of the present rupture will give Sardinia the prestige of appearing as the champion of the liberty of the Press. Neither England nor any other constitutional State can for a moment admit the right of Austria to call the Sardinian Government to account for the alleged excesses of journalists whom Austria herself is invited to prosecute in the Piedmontese courts.

The answer of Count CAVOUR to the complaints of Count BUOL is identical with that which our own Government gave to Austria in the HAYNAU affair. We said then, as Sardinia says now, that in a free country it is impossible to punish individuals until they have been condemned by regular legal proceedings, and that, if a foreign Government feels itself aggrieved, the courts of law are ready to hear its complaints and to afford redress. The explanation, however, which was accepted, though certainly not with a good grace, from England, is not thought sufficient from a less powerful State; and if anything were wanting to make the contrast more striking, it would be found in the fact that some portions of our own press have handled the Emperor of Austria with quite as much severity as the most exalted patriots of Turin and Genoa. Even from the despotism of France, Austria might learn to be careful in the conduct of a quarrel of this kind. When Count WALEWSKI made his declaration against the abuses of the Belgian press, he was able to point to some journals which had not hesitated to recommend the liberation of France by the summary process of assassinating the EMPEROR. But, strong as the provocation was, the Imperial Government did not venture on any course so decided as the recall of its ambassador; and Austria would have acted more wisely if she too had borne in mind that an attempt to set aside the constitutional usages of a neighbouring State is not likely to conciliate to her the support or the sympathies of any but the most extreme of the despotic Powers.

This exhibition of ill-humour will probably be limited, for the present, to the regions of diplomacy. Exasperated as Austria undoubtedly was by the manly protest of Count CAVOUR against the continued foreign occupation of Italy, it was impossible to make this the ostensible foundation for hostilities; and unless some more plausible excuse for a breach can be found than the intemperate language of a few unofficial newspapers, she will scarcely venture to brave the opinion of Europe, and the disaffection of her own Italian subjects, by rushing into war with her neighbour. But the intense acerbity manifested by these paltry bickerings on every possible occasion augurs ill for the hopes of those who have looked for a peaceful settlement of Italian difficulties. At this moment, the state of Italy is less promising than it was before the Conference of Paris. In Naples and Sicily, oppression has only been confirmed by the feeble remonstrances of the Great Powers. In the Roman States and the Duchies, the system of foreign occupation is maintained without the slightest prospect of any relaxation, while Austria seems bent upon preserving relations of chronic animosity with the only free country south of the Alps. Nor is there any reason to suppose that the demeanour of France, though less irritable than that of Austria, is at all more favourable to Italian freedom. Indeed, if we may trust to the genuineness of a document which a daily contemporary has got possession of by some subterranean channel, it would seem that, within a few months after the Paris declarations in favour of the oppressed people of Italy, the French Envoy at Rome was preparing an elaborate vindication of the necessity of French and Austrian intervention to preserve the tranquillity of the Papal dominions. According to the ingenious theories of this philosopher, the representatives of the Great Powers were altogether in error in supposing that the people

of Italy were fit for anything better than to groan under the tyranny of the King of NAPLES, and to be kept down by clerical prefects, suitably supported by the bayonets of France. We are told that the Roman administration is the most perfect in the world, though the praise is effectually disproved by the admission that its subjects would not tolerate it for a moment after it lost the support of foreign troops. It may be that the best possible administration would not conciliate the Lombards to the rule of Austria; but men do not commonly rise against a native Government until they are provoked by intolerable grievances, and we accept the admission that the POPE cannot dispense with an alien army as the most conclusive evidence that his sway is by no means so beneficent as his French advocate has laboured to prove.

However this may be, the hope of a readjustment of Italian affairs with the concurrence of France and Austria appears more distant than ever, and the prospects of that unhappy country seem, as of old, to be confined to the alternatives of hopeless submission and equally hopeless insurrection. Nothing is so likely to change this situation as hostilities in Italy; and while the absolute Powers have the game so completely in their own hands as at present, we do not believe that the astute statesmen of Vienna will be guilty of the folly of urging their present quarrel with Sardinia to the extremity of war. But the animosity which is cherished on both sides must, sooner or later, by some untoward chance, lead to a more serious rupture, unless Austria can learn to tolerate with somewhat greater patience the existence of a free country upon the borders of her own dominions. One thing is certain—if the two countries cannot learn to live in peace, the dangers are not all on the side of the weaker State.

LEGISLATIVE DUTIES AND PROSPECTS.

THERE are very few members of the late House of Commons who have ventured to defend that body from the charge of having neglected the internal affairs of the country. Mr. SIDNEY HERBERT has said, in his election address, all that can be said for it, when he refers to the laborious and most useful Session of 1853; and the contrast which he points out between the character of the Legislature before and after the commencement of the war, affords perhaps the best excuse which can be put forth on behalf of our representatives. The first year of the Parliament which has just expired witnessed what Mr. HERBERT justly describes as great legislative and fiscal reforms. He tells us that it allayed the discontent of the Colonies, improved the administration of India, opened the public service to merit and ability, reformed the Universities, and equalized our fiscal system as between different classes of the State. One is disposed to regard with some forbearance the shortcomings of a Parliament which did its duty so well in the prosecution of the war; and it is only fair to admit that, in the earlier stage of its existence, it was not quite so regardless of domestic interests as it subsequently—perhaps inevitably—became. But the performances which Mr. HERBERT enumerates contain, after all, but one measure which affords any evidence of assiduity on the part of Parliament as distinguished from the Administration; and that one—University Reform—was merely the natural fruit of an inquiry instituted before that House of Commons had come into existence.

But it is of little moment now to discuss whether the indolence of the late House was natural or acquired. Mr. HERBERT's allusion to the duty of effective legislation is chiefly important as an implied protest—and almost a solitary one—against any further indulgence of the slothful disposition which has followed, by a natural reaction, the excitement of war. For the last year the House has been performing the dignified, but not energetic, part of "the warrior taking his rest," and as there is a good deal of work before its successor, it is to be hoped that it will display a very different disposition. If the addresses of candidates are to be taken as any sign of the probable temper of the coming Parliament, there is, we fear, but little prospect of any great improvement in habits of diligence. Scarcely one in a hundred of the gentlemen who aspire to the honour of a seat seems to be at all seriously impressed with the notion that he is asking to be put into a position which demands businesslike energy and perseverance from all who would occupy it with credit to themselves or advantage to the country. Now and then, a candidate will dilate upon the duties which the new Parliament will have to perform; but we have not observed many who show any clear appreciation of the first

of all duties—that of carrying out a series of practical improvements in almost every department of public business. There are plenty of declarations like that of Mr. ROLT in Gloucestershire, who proclaims his conviction that the especial duty of the next Parliament will be to maintain the integrity of our institutions, and strengthen the well-established rights of every class of the community—this being the true Conservative synonym for doing nothing. Even the Liberals seem to think that they have no more laborious task before them than to vote the necessary supplies for the Chinese war; and it would really be difficult to find a dozen addresses which show the least sense of the vast arrears of practical business which our representatives will have to work down. Even those who taunt their opponents with indifference to the business of legislation show little inclination to improve upon their practice. Mr. DISRAELI, for example, finds it easier to accuse the Government of dissolving Parliament for the sake of wasting a year, than to point out how he himself would be disposed to turn the lost time to advantage. There can be no doubt, however, that the tone of the clap-trap addressed to the constituencies is really given by the people themselves. Rant about the Union Jack, and glorification over the issue of the Russian war are much more congenial to the majority of electors than the consideration of the less exciting business which belongs to times of peace.

While the elections promise, we fear, little improvement in the practical character of Parliament, they seem still less likely to lead to that consolidation of parties which some have anticipated. The men who range themselves under the Ministerial banners, however reliable they may be on the first trial of strength, make up an incongruous mass which it will be difficult to knead into the consistency of a party. The negative policy of pure Conservatism is altogether baffled by the absence of any positive policy from the PALMERSTON party. At a loss for some threatened institution to defend, the Tories themselves have been compelled to take up all kinds of innovations. The PREMIER has given up agricultural statistics—so no political capital can be made of that. He is as good an Anti-reformer as need be, and no one can accuse him of too much rashness in administrative improvements. In Finance, he has not endangered the country by carrying Free-trade ideas to any fanatical length, and in the constitution of his Cabinet and the distribution of public rewards, he has shown no disposition to truckle to the clamour of vulgar Radicals. In army matters, he does not profess to believe in merit, and he is never forgetful of the claims of rank. Then his ecclesiastical appointments have made him almost as popular a representative of Protestantism as if he joined in the cry against Maynooth. He had thus robbed the Opposition of their best weapons, and though he may have damaged the morale of his own forces, his opponents are not less demoralized for want of an enemy to engage. A large section of the country party have actually attempted to get round their crafty adversary by a flank march, and may already be seen threatening him from the Radical side. Some have gone so far as to denounce Church-rates. Others are loud for innovations in finance, such as a reconstruction of the Income-tax on an anti-territorial basis. A few Conservatives are prepared for Parliamentary Reform on a scale which, if not very extensive, is yet far in advance of the PREMIER's views on the subject. The leader of the Opposition takes up retrenchment and social improvement as his leading topics, and the whole party seems to be rapidly becoming infected with something that has all the outward appearance of Radicalism. There is a sort of coherence among natural-born Tories that will always secure a respectable nucleus for the gradual agglomeration of atoms; but, in the earlier contests of the new Parliament, we shall not be surprised to see a very considerable disruption of the reactionists, until they shall have had time to purge themselves of the noxious ideas of progress which the necessity of their position has compelled them for a time to embrace.

But the scattering of the Tory ranks will not be more embarrassing to the Opposition than the union of discordant partisans is likely to prove to the Government. The reasons given by various candidates for supporting Lord PALMERSTON are enough to show what a motley following he will gather together. The Conservative candidate for Sheffield declares himself an enthusiastic PALMERSTONIAN for the same reasons which make him a sincere admirer of Mr. ROEBUCK. One gentleman at Beverley supports the Minister in the hope that he will propose a system of comprehensive reforms, and check the centralizing tendency of legislation; while another in Bucks will stand by him because his temperate views

of progressive improvement contrast favourably with those of the Government that preceded him. A ballot-box reformer at Hull is confident that Lord PALMERSTON will show the same zeal for reforms at home that he has done for the glory of England abroad. Some candidates extol him as a Minister pledged to progress and reform; and others intend to support him on account of the skill with which he restrains the innovating tendencies of his party. A host of followers—Whig, Conservative, and Radical—follow his lead because he brought the war to a triumphant close; and a large section, which includes no less distinguished a Tory than Major BERESFORD, feel themselves irresistibly drawn towards the victim of "Coalition." With such demands to satisfy, it must have been no easy task for the PREMIER to frame the prospective paragraph of his address even to his own modest constituency. But he has got out of this, as out of every other difficulty, with the skill of a veteran tactician. There is not a politician of any shade, from the deepest orange to the brightest green, who could take exception to the Minister's programme. Here are the guiding principles:—judicious and well-regulated economy—progressive improvement in all that concerns the welfare of the nation—the continued diffusion of education—and such well-considered reforms as from time to time may be required by change of circumstances, and by the increasing growth of intelligence. It would seem hard to ask for more than this; and yet those who think the least reform the best will not find the promises of the PREMIER at all too large. It is a happy gift to be able to gratify a heterogeneous party by words which Tories and Radicals alike may read as the express echo of their own sentiments. Lord PALMERSTON, says the *Times*, is not a statesman who rests his reputation on this or that measure, or takes his stand on this or that definite proposal. We are afraid the eulogy is only too well deserved.

MATTHEW HOPKINS WANTED.

"IT may please your Grace to understand that witches and sorcerers, within these last four years, are marvelously increased within your Grace's realm." This was Bishop JEWELL's complaint more than two centuries and a half ago; and it seems as true now as it was then. There are actually all the materials for getting up a popular panic on the subject of witches that there were in the days of ELIZABETH and JAMES. Of course there is a great contrast between the two periods. It is not now as it was even in the days of "the venerable Sir MATTHEW HALE." Neither the pulpit nor the judicial bench of the day pronounces that there must be witches because the Scriptures affirm their existence—or, rather, affirm the necessity of punishing those who pretended to the powers of witchcraft—still less can the melancholy reason be urged, that the wisdom of all nations, and of our own in particular, has provided laws against witchcraft. Educated and religious men do not view these things as they were viewed in the seventeenth century. But there are all the old wild elements of fear, ignorance, and superstition—not so popular, indeed, as formerly, yet, within their range, as mischievous as ever. In every quarter of England we find, not the lingering and moribund, but the active influences of witchcraft at work. If another MATTHEW HOPKINS were to receive a Royal licence and commission as "Witchfinder General," he would discover, not as wide a field for his energies as under the first STUART, but still opportunities for doing a good stroke of business. There is Mr. HARRISON, of Leeds, of whom we have heard more than enough in the DOVE case. Scarcely a week passes without some "wise woman" turning up in the London Police reports—sometimes in Old Street, sometimes in Westminster. A "white witch," recognised as the orthodox dealer in amulets and Obeahism at Exeter, on a recent occasion signalized himself in Mr. WESTERTON's line, and signed an address to the Bishop of the diocese, complaining of the abomination of the cross. But it is in Staffordshire that we find the old thing in all its old grotesque horrors. We can readily believe that the respectable Mr. JAMES TUNNICLIFF, for his own purposes, somewhat exaggerated the numbers of his brother-professors of the black art in that neighbourhood. But according to his own account, the Brooken, or Bamberg, or New England itself, never produced a more abundant crop of devil's deeds than does that respectable midland county at the present moment. Satan's kingdom, however, appears divided against itself; and the work of the warlocks of the Trent Valley seems to be to plot and counterplot

against each other. All the old Oriental system of devilry reappears, and the wizards fight and tussle it out like the Gins and Afrits of the *Arabian Nights*.

Satan, however, is wiser than of yore. The animal we now meet with is the witch doctor rather than the wizard. To cure, not to curse, is Mr. TUNNICLIFF's profession. It is not the weaver of knots, but the disentangler, who practices now-a-days—and a sufficiently lucrative practice it is. Mr. THOMAS CHARLESWORTH, being possessed of a stupid dairy-maid, a bibulous wife, and a pretty constant taste for strong liquors, and not finding these three domestic curses a sufficient reason for a failing farm and unprofitable cheese-room, is assured by his neighbours, with one consent, that he and all his belongings are "bewitched." Flocks and herds, ox and ass, man-servant and maid-servant, himself and his wife, his dairy-maid and his cheese-kettle, are all spell-bound by the incantations of the wise man of Derbyshire. JAMES TUNNICLIFF bargains to loose the powerful spell at the moderate figure of 3s. 6d. per sheep, pig, and calf, 5s. per baby, 3s. 6d. per ox, 5s. for the dairy-maid, and 5s. for the cheese-kettle. In these counter-charms CHARLESWORTH invested first 7l., and then 15l., besides sending to London for a powerful book of gramarye. Considering that TUNNICLIFF had, according to his own account, to fight it out with "Old BULL of Yeaverley,"—with "COTTON of Longton," who had "showed books against him," but was beaten after a hard fight, being "very stubborn," and returning more than once to the attack—and with ARNOLD of Kingsley, who seems to have been but a poor devil, for TUNNICLIFF beat him without seeing him—and that he had also to go to Buxton and Derby, where some particularly terrible wizards had been at work against unlucky farmer CHARLESWORTH—we must say that TUNNICLIFF did something for his fees. A witch-doctor has no sinecure of it at this rate.

But what a very unpleasant picture of rural life this is! Things go wrong in bower or hall, at bed or board, in the stock-yard or in the dairy. The simple farmer complains. As a matter of course, he is referred by the general consent of the parishioners to the wise man or wise woman of the neighbourhood. The witch and witch-doctor are cor-relatives; but both of them are British institutions. You are to look out for them like the small-pox and the Union doctor's pony—the one brings the other, and they go at it tooth and nail. CHARLESWORTH and his wife, and his nurse and his servant-maid, and SAMMONS, a hind on the farm, and Mrs. WILLATTS, a neighbour, and CHARLESWORTH's father-in-law, who "sent for HARRISON the wizard," and "farmer POTTS, a neighbour who had got a lamb bewitched, and who had himself been bewitched several times"—all accept this pleasant state of things as a matter of course, and in the ordinary way of the world, visible and invisible. They believe that a spell can be laid on the cheese, which makes it fall to pieces—that pots and kettles can be dealt with by another black art than that of the kitchen grate—that when the spirits are abroad, all nature, animate and inanimate, sympathizes with the devil's rout—that unearthly noises are heard—that the cows lament, the horses prance, and fiery dogs, like "the spectre-hound in Man," present their grim forms in the kitchen—that the house is shaken as with an earthquake, and that its inmates are tortured with aches, spasms, contortions, fever, and shivering—and that all this comes of the words of nightspoken by some CORNELIUS AGRIPPA or MICHAEL SCOTT in the next county. CHARLESWORTH is assured that the broad hand is upon him—his wife is convinced that her husband's mother has done it all—"the family are all given to witchcraft, and were all bad ones." There seems to their minds to be nothing out of the ordinary state of things in all this. Some folks are witches, and some are their victims—some can bind a spell, and some can loose it. It is only to see which is strongest in the long run. The remedies, when mixed together, have an odd look; but if they answer, what does it signify? The recognised practice against Satan seems to consist of equal parts of cash, rags, alcohol, and prayer. Mr. CHARLESWORTH contributes 30l. of money, and his wife a bit of her dress—the husband encounters the foul fiend with the brandy-bottle, while his wife resists the tempter with neat gin. In the very crisis of their fate, when the haunted house is shaken by all the fiends, and when the bold archimago, enveloped "in blueness," goes to "death or glory," and to meet "all his enemies" armed with "a knife and a plate," it is some satisfaction to find that the possessed betake themselves to the Lord's Prayer—though they are assured that Old BULL of Yeaverley had been bewitching the Family Bible, "and that was the reason they

were shaken so." For ten months this sort of thing appears to have gone on. The wizards seem to have worked their respective spells with varying success—that is to say, the witch doctor plied his victims with devilish broths of briony and rustic poisons, while the victims plied themselves into *delirium tremens* with brandy and terror; but not a soul in the whole parish doubted for a moment but that the whole thing was in the regular course of a stubborn case of witchcraft, dealt with by the witch-doctor according to the rules of art. Nor does there seem to be the slightest reason for CHARLESWORTH'S resipiscence. Apparently he still believes in witchcraft and witch-doctors, in spite of his experience. TUNNICLIFF is dismissed, and prosecuted—and, we are happy to say, convicted—not by the awakening of his victim, nor by the influence of public opinion, but by the interference of a local newspaper.

Grotesque and ludicrous as all this is, it is rather with a sardonic smile that one finds it out. It is with the same sort of feeling that, after having had a son for six years at a public school, a confiding father finds out that he knows nothing about the Battle of Hastings. The thing is a great jest, but not a very comfortable one. It makes one laugh, but, as the saying is, at the wrong side of one's mouth. There is a good deal of education going on—not to speak of church extension and meeting-house extension. Doubtless these precious Staffordshire villages, Newborough and Bromley Hurst, have their religious and moral teachers, and, we dare say, of more than one "denomination;" and we pride ourselves on being the most intelligent and religious people on earth. And yet, if we look for it, there now and then appears—not in a single patch, but here and there in London, and Leeds, and Exeter, and Derby, and Tunbridge Wells, just showing what is at work under all this religion and education and intelligence—a black sullen cloud of superstitious horrors, and debasing, unchristian practices and beliefs, enveloping a whole class of society, just as sordid, degraded, and humiliating as ever characterized the believers in African gree-grees, or in Polynesian fetiches.

THE SMASHER.

AS the class of Smashers is clearly on the increase, it becomes our duty to review them. It is not very difficult to describe the genus. We all know the Smasher generally. He is a gentleman of decided opinions on every question, and the amount of his decisiveness is exactly proportionate to his want of information. His great moral, social, political, and religious maxim is, "Down with everything." The Smasher is a versatile man. He can hardly be said to have fixed ideas on any subject, except that of his own importance. Nor is he to be called, in any sense, a reflecting man. He does not sit at home, like one of your old Reformers or Revolutionists, and profoundly meditate some great scheme for changing the world. On the contrary, he daily strolls down Piccadilly after breakfast, with his cigar, pondering what he shall pitch into next. Perhaps he meets a carriage with scarlet footmen, and it casually occurs to him that it would not be a bad thing to show up the British monarchy. Or, it may be, the sight of a bishop suggests to him that there is a good deal to be said against the Church. If a literary friend were to meet him and tell him that an original MS. of *Hamlet* had been found, he would seize the opportunity of informing the public that SHAKESPEARE was an over-rated man. To an observer of nature no object is without its appropriate instructiveness; and the Smasher, like the busy wasp, improves the shining hour, and gathers gall from each bearskin, each shovel-hat, each cocked hat—above all, from each good hat—that he meets. Like the gentleman in MILTON, he "from each thing met conceives delight"—i.e., the delight suggested by the idea that it is susceptible of being shown up.

It appears that the Smasher went to church last week—we beg pardon, not to church, but to the Surrey Gardens. Whether it were the earliness of the hour, or the unusualness of the event, his bile seems to have been disturbed in an extraordinary degree by his devotional exercises. Perhaps, indeed, a man who can run texts off so glibly might have considered that the Smasher should no more pursue his ordinary occupations on the Sabbath-day than the ox or the ass in the Commandment. Nevertheless, at the feet of Mr. SPURGEON, our friend found an admirable occasion for the exercise of his amiable calling. Why not, smash the Archbishop? Why not, indeed—and so here goes at Bishops, Priests, and Deacons.

Probably most of our readers have read the letters of "Habitans in Siccio." If not, we advise them to make acquaintance with the Smasher in his Sunday coat. They will see a specimen—and a very melancholy specimen—of the degradation to which a free press in a free country can descend. We have seen what the press is capable of becoming in America; and we regret to remark that, day by day, the tone of our "leading" English journal is perceptibly sinking to the level of the *New York Herald*. Angry personal abuse, venomous political declamation, attacks on individuals which derive their sole force from their insolence and audacity, are daily becoming the staple of some at least of those organs which are the chief vehicles of public discussion. The anecdotes of Lord ELLENBOROUGH in the nursery, dished up in a leading article, irresistibly remind one of the *Roady Journal*, described by Mr. DICKENS as publishing "the crimes committed by the SECRETARY OF STATE when seven years old, obtained from his nurse, regardless of expense."

That "Habitans in Siccio" is not an occasional correspondent, but the real "We" himself, masquerading in large type in an out-of-the-way column, is suggested, oddly enough, by a self-betraying slip on the part of the writer. The Smasher, it seems, knows the name of the "Cantab" who ventured to enter the lists against "Habitans in Siccio," and he is sure that it is to be found amongst the four greater Prophets. The fact may be so; but how, we should like to know, did the Smasher learn it? Is it possible that the *Times* is in the habit of betraying the anonymous which it professes to protect? Does it throw the veil of secrecy over one of the parties in a discussion, and strip the mask from the other, in order the better to expose him to his antagonist? Is this the fair play and honour of the English Press? Is this the legitimate use of anonymous writing?

But, setting aside all minor objections to "Habitans in Siccio" on the score of coarseness, blasphemy, impertinence, and brutality, let us try to find out what it is that he professes to want. *Imprimis*, SPURGEON for Archbishop of Canterbury. It may be true, he says, that SPURGEON is a "Particular Baptist," but as SPURGEON preaches so well, why should not the Church of England become "Particular Baptist" too—especially as it is certain that all the primitive Christians belonged to that sect? Now, there is some practical difficulty in the notion of a Church immediately altering its faith, in order to secure the services of a popular orator. Why not enlist GAVAZZI on the same terms? But, supposing that objection to be surmounted, there remain certain physical obstacles which "Habitans in Siccio" will be more able to appreciate. This wonderful tirade to which we have been treated, against Archbishops in particular, and the clergy in general, is founded on the feeble state of their lungs, and the imperfect condition of their jaws. "One," says the Smasher, "has a perpetual cold in his head; in another, the catarrh has slipped half-way down into his throat; in another, it is deep-seated in the lungs." Well, what then? Are we to infer that no one is ever to be ordained who is not warranted against catarrh, or that a clergyman whose lungs are suspected is at once to be deprived of his gown? And is it quite certain that, if the Smasher's views were carried out, and SPURGEON were really made Archbishop, he could never, by any accident, have a cold in his head? In that case, we do not see how we should be better off than before. What should we do with the new Archbishop if, one of these days, his teeth were to drop out too? What is it, after all, that "Habitans in Siccio" means to say? Are we to understand that it is only orthodox clergymen who catch cold, have the gout, lose their teeth, and are scolded by their wives, and that dissenting ministers are invariably sound in their lungs, active in their limbs, and tyrants at home? Is it only the orthodox divine who, in order to avenge himself for his domestic troubles, preaches "discord and strife on earth, destruction and perdition to the Pope, with the certain hope of everlasting damnation to all the congregation, down to the smallest charity child?" Has not the Smasher the sense to see that all the weaknesses which he holds up to scorn are the weaknesses, not of the Church, but of human nature? Cannot he understand that it is our poor frail mortality, and not the Thirty-nine Articles, which makes the teeth of an old Archbishop drop out, and develops tubercles on the lungs of a young Curate? How shall we explain to him that every gibe which he levels at the Church of England equally hits the "Particular Baptists," or any other sect possessing a regular body of appointed ministers, who happen to be human beings?

"Habitans in Siccio," is very indignant that there are so few good preachers. He charitably remarks, however, that

this unfortunate state of things is due to the obstinacy of the Church, which "has accustomed herself to the notion that any one can preach." May we be permitted to observe that there is at least as marked a deficiency of good speakers in the House of Commons. We wonder whether this is due to the obstinacy of the constituencies, who have accustomed themselves to the notion that any one can speak. Or is it possibly owing to the fact that there are, after all, very few persons in the world who have the gift of oratory? But we are ashamed of refuting this rubbish seriously. It is only worthy of remark as a specimen of the method of reasoning which finds favour with vulgar and ignorant minds. They have not the knowledge or the sense to discriminate between evils which are the growth of a particular system and those which are the necessary concomitants of all systems. They impute to the clergy old age and disease as vices of the Church—and yet they do not tell us what we are to do with a bishop who has lost his teeth in preaching, or with a curate who has caught cold in visiting the poor. They see an archbishop who is old and inarticulate, and a Baptist BOANERGES who is young and lusty—and they jump to the logical conclusion that it is time to cry, "Down with the Bishops and up with the Baptists!" What would happen to "Habitans in Sicco" if SPURGEON were ever to lose his teeth, we really cannot conceive. We suppose he would have to give up the Baptists with the same pain with which he now severs himself from the Church.

The notion of Church Reform suggested to the "Smasher" by his visit to the Surrey Gardens reminds us a good deal of the potboy who was so impressed by the gentleman who acts the Duke of Wellington at Astley's, that he could not understand how the Government did not send him out to take Sebastopol. We have said but little of the tone of the letters on which we have been commenting. It is worthy of remark, however, how very malignant a very stupid man may be. It is a vulgar error to imagine that the two things cannot go together. No mistake is so common, or so mischievous, as that of supposing that an ill-natured man must necessarily be clever. We advise those who labour under this delusion to study the writings of "Habitans in Sicco," or the "Universal Smasher."

THE "INDIAN ELEMENT" IN PARLIAMENT.

THERE is no governing body in the world, with large powers and responsibilities, the constitution of which is left so much to chance as the Commons House of Parliament. If a Board of some half-dozen men were to be chosen to make laws for this great empire, with all its outlying colonies and dependencies, the members of that Board would doubtless be selected with reference to their peculiar fitness for the discharge of the multifarious duties devolving upon them. Care would be taken to render the joint-stock account of knowledge and intelligence possessed by such a body as comprehensive as possible, with reference to the probable subjects for discussion and legislation to be submitted to it in the course of its sittings. But it is believed that the composition of an assembly of six hundred legislators may be left to chance. It is presumed that, among so large a number of men, there must be a sufficient amount of intelligence for all practical purposes—that the requisite specialties will be fairly represented. In such a gathering there are sure to be traders and agriculturists, lawyers and soldiers—men of High Church, and Low Church, and no Church at all—so that every interest is likely to have an adequate exponent. And, so far as Great Britain herself is concerned, the presumption is not altogether unwarranted by the result. Each several constituency may not be represented by the man best qualified to promote its interests; but there is distributed over the entire body of members a sufficient amount of information on special points to secure something like an intelligent discussion of all domestic questions brought before them.

But the British islands constitute only a part of the British Empire; and it cannot be presumed that, in the "collective wisdom" of the House of Commons, there is an amount of knowledge relating to our distant colonies and remote dependencies, by any means commensurate with the importance of the subjects they continually present for discussion. It requires no great prescience to foresee that, under present circumstances, a considerable portion of the time of the new Parliament will be devoted to the discussion of the affairs of our vast possessions beyond the sea. India alone may afford abundant topics for

night after night of anxious debate. But has India, hitherto, been fairly represented in the Imperial Parliament? Has the House of Commons ever evinced an amount of knowledge relating to the affairs of the Anglo-Indian Empire at all proportionate to the magnitude of the subject? There were scarcely six men in the last Parliament qualified, by any actual knowledge of India, to deliver an opinion on matters affecting the interests of her countless people. Young men, eager to ventilate their oratory, crammed, blundered, and declaimed to empty benches about "India's wrongs." Nobody cared to hear them, because it was felt that they had really nothing to say. The House, indeed, has never been up "to the height of that great argument," and hence the invariable dullness of our Indian debates, and some of the blunders of our recent legislation.

We hope that, in this respect, the new Parliament will be better than the old. The names of several gentlemen of large Indian experience are to be found in the lists of candidates for seats in the House of Commons. In some instances, at least, their success appears to be certain. In one, an East India Director has driven from the field the most vehement of all the assailants of the Company. Mr. J. G. PHILLIMORE has retired from the contest for Leominster, scared by the advent of Mr. J. P. WILLOUGHBY. To be excluded at all from the House of Commons must have been a sore trial to a man of Mr. PHILLIMORE's ambitious temperament; but to be excluded by an East India Director must have rendered the shame and agony of the exclusion unendurable. We are not surprised, therefore, that he should have taken leave of his constituents and of his senses at the same time, in a rabid address, in which he tells the electors of Leominster that "a great man warned the English people to take care how they allowed the breakers of law in India to become the makers of law in England;" and he asserts that "a large portion of the revenue collected by the East India Company is wrung from the wretched inhabitants by means of tortures too horrible to dwell upon, and not to be named with decency." And yet Leominster discards the man who "assisted in laying bare the frightful corruptions and hideous cruelties of the government of the East India Company," and flings herself into the arms of one of the corrupt and cruel Directors. We are astonished that Mr. PHILLIMORE did not placard the streets with pictorial illustrations of the revenue tortures of Madras, in aid of his literary amenities. When Sir ELIJAH IMPEY stood for Stafford in 1790, SHERIDAN's friends paraded through the streets the effigy of a black man *us. per col.*, as a pleasing reminiscence of the execution of NUNCOMAR. Mr. PHILLIMORE trusts to the use, or the abuse, of words, and is content to assail his opponent in a paragraph. Melodramatic, however, as is his exit from Leominster, and indiscreet as has been his Parliamentary career, we cannot help feeling that the House of Commons might have lost a worse man. He has good parts, industrious habits, and a fluent delivery, and if he had moderated his ardour and controlled his ambition, he might have taken a respectable position in the House; but, wanting altogether moderation and self-control, he has never risen to any higher rank than that of a "Brummagem BURKE."

There is no man on whom these graceful allusions to the cruelty of the servants of the East India Company could have fallen more innocuously than on Mr. WILLOUGHBY, whose name is especially associated with that great movement for the suppression of Female Infanticide in India, which fills one of the brightest chapters in the history of our Eastern Administration. Assuredly, the women of Leominster ought to be with him (*Hibernicè*) "to a man." But he has other claims than this to a seat in the Imperial Legislature—claims which would, if men were chosen with especial reference to their acquaintance with topics likely to be discussed, secure him a seat in the House. We may say the same of Colonel SYKES and Mr. LEITH, who are contesting Aberdeen, and the accession of either of whom to the Imperial Parliament will be a gain to India and her people. The same, too, may be said emphatically, with reference to Mr. MARSHMAN, who has started for Ipswich—a gentleman who has spent nearly all his life in India, and to whose extensive acquaintance with that country the last Parliament was continually appealing. Similar qualifications are possessed by Sir HENRY RAWLINSON, a man of large experience and extensive acquirements, who could not speak on any subject of Eastern policy without commanding an attentive audience; and by Sir JAMES HOOD, Mr. PRINSEP, and Mr. CRAWFORD, one of the candidates for the City of London. It requires but few words to demon-

strate that a Parliament which is likely to bestow much of its attention on Eastern affairs would be greatly strengthened by the accession of men so experienced as these.

Sir JOHN MALCOLM used to contend that one of the great evils of the Reform Bill was that it had a tendency to exclude from Parliament men who, like himself, had spent their lives in remote dependencies of the British Empire, and who, therefore, lacking local influence, were compelled to resort to aristocratic or pecuniary aids to secure them seats in the House of Commons. The time has long since passed when an Indian Nabob could order either "more curricles" to be brought to the door, or, "more members" to be sent to Parliament. The retired Indians of the present day are, for the most part, poor and respectable. If report speaks truly, the Nabob candidates, at the present election, are more likely to injure their chances of success by spending little than to aid them by spending much. They have gone fairly to the constituencies; and as in some cases they have little local connexion with the boroughs which they seek to represent, they must rely mainly for support on the popular belief that men who have gained great reputations in India have some good stuff in them, and are not more likely to neglect the immediate interests of their constituents because they have a larger range of knowledge than the majority of home-bred legislators. He who really seeks the good of his country looks at Parliament as a whole, and desires to see every interest fairly represented. Six hundred very good men might make a very bad Parliament; and considering the probability of Indian and Colonial questions being largely discussed during the life-time of the Parliament now in embryo, we earnestly trust that a sufficient number of men of Indian and Colonial experience may be sent by the constituencies to take their seats in the new House of Commons.

RUMP AND STUMP AT THE HUSTINGS.

IT is not only in the picturesque aspect of modern electioneering, but in the substantial claims of the candidates, that we detect, with serious apprehension, the deterioration in the metropolitan representatives. We are not driven to argue that it was by reason of the fifteen days' poll, and the prolonged blackguardism of "the good old days" of Covent Garden and Brentford, that the Middlesex and Westminster elections were generally characterized by the candidature of at least notables; nor are we disposed to say that the Reform Bill is responsible for the state of things which we deplore. But the fact is undeniable—the metropolitan boroughs are fast drifting and sinking into the condition of the metropolitan vestries. Duchesses and coal-heavers exchanging compliments and kisses at a Westminster canvas, did more for the body politic than the present unchallenged supremacy of Bumbledom. TOM DUNCOMBE is but a poor representative of the old sort of aristocratic kid-glovely, coming out as a tribune of the people; and "WILKES and Liberty" itself meant more, and was, with all its charlatanism, a better kind of thing, than the popular pretensions of such personages as Alderman CHALLIS and Mr. BUTLER. "CHARLEY NAPIER" fades in comparison with Lord COCHRANE. "Old Glory" is badly reproduced in the cold pedantry of the present baronet who sits for Westminster. There is no longer a BYNG to parade the ancestral blue and buff of the great metropolitan county. A dead set has been made against Lord JOHN RUSSELL and Lord EBRINGTON—and even Sir BENJAMIN HALL has not quite escaped—on the real ground that they are gentlemen. In a word, which of the more popular candidates of the hour is least fitted for the sphere to which he aspires, it is hard to say; but on the whole, we may pronounce the present election to be the triumph of the Stump, as far as London is concerned. As to the old war-cries, they savour strongly of the worn-out Rump of Whiggery; but even these are better than the Stump novelties. At all elections one expects a certain amount of cajolery and coarseness, and popular constituencies are not much worse than in the days of CORIOLANUS. Even that crafty personage, RICHARD III., in addressing the citizens of London, knew that humbug was of the nature of the case. But what is most deserving of notice is that the favourite candidates have nothing but their Stump qualities to recommend them. There is no condescending or compromise in the matter. Nonsense, narrowness, and incapacity are their qualities; and it is for these—and not, as of old, in spite of them—that they come forward.

Here, now, is the City of London. Baron ROTHSCHILD,

we admit, represents a principle, and an important one; but what—in the estimation of their noisier supporters, at least—are the avowed claims of the triad associated with him, who seek to displace one who, with all his faults, has earned an abiding name and place in the history of his country? They are, of course, the "Liberal candidates;" but—and on this they rest their case—they are also the "commercial candidates." Again, Mr. COX comes forward for Finsbury, as representing the parochial and vestry element—ROUPELL is the "resident candidate"—Mr. BUTLER represents "the licensed victuallers' interest"—Mr. WILKINSON the THWAITES Parliament interest. Mr. WILLIAMS, who has been offered, and of course has refused, "a title," embodies the retail tradesman interest—Sir BENJAMIN HALL was for many years nominee of that eminent constituency, the Marylebone Vestry and Messrs. NICHOLAY and D'IFFANGER—Mr. APSLEY PELLATT is the member for the Dissenting meeting-houses. These are the small interests which sway London elections; and we observe the growth, if not the influence, of certain other novel bodies whose only object is to perpetuate small, narrow, one-sided cries, and to pledge candidates on the paltriest and most sordid of questions. They call themselves electoral committees; and, provided their nominees will represent their vulgar and selfish solitary howls, they seek neither education, nor intelligence, nor political conscience. They want but an organ. Never mind what the cry is, be it cant or crotchet. BURKE himself must be rejected if he refuses the nasty drug—BELIAL himself will be recommended if he swallows it. Maynooth used to be a solitary instance of this sort of thing; but there is now a whole undergrowth of these noxious weeds. "PALMERSTON, the man of God," is the howl of the *Record*. WILBRAHAM TAYLOR, on the part of the "Protestant Defence Society," attempts to dragoon the clergy into prayers and terrorism on behalf of those gentlemen on the hustings who will swallow the Sabbatarian Shibboleth. "The Lord's Day Observance Society" issues an unctuous placard, calling on "all electors, 'as unto the LORD,' only to support those candidates who are prepared to oppose the opening of the Crystal Palace on Sundays." On the other hand, "the Religious Liberty Society" makes its profession of political confidence in a pledged vote for Sir WM. CLAY'S Bill; while "the National Club" would ostracise all who will not bind themselves by oath to oppose that measure. "The National Anti-Poor-law League" urges electors to "pledge candidates for abolishing the Poor-law Board"—"the Central Currency Committee" would tie all our representatives to orthodox pledges on the importation of gold, and to swear by Mr. MUNTZ—while "the Aborigines Protection Society" confines all Parliamentary qualifications to strict and sound views on the great Hill Coolie question. "BEVAN and our day of rest," was actually set up as the St. Pancras slogan. In Westminster, "WESTERTON and no Cross," found 3000 requisitionists, but only 300*l.*, each devotee of pure Protestantism staking just two shillings on his cry; while "HOLYOAKE and no Bible," or something like it, has been attempted as the *mot d'ordre* among some Tower Hamlets politicians.

While such are the pledges dictated to candidates, it is humiliating to find, even in a metropolitan borough, one who, like Major REED, has the effrontery to declare himself opposed to "any system of national education, because the people can"—witness the Staffordshire witchcraft—"best educate themselves." Not, however, that London has an entire monopoly of the Stump. Mr. E. T. SMITH, described by his friends as "of the *Sunday Times* and Drury-lane Theatre," rests his claims to the representation of Bedford on a facetious and appropriate description of the Bishops as a "lot of sacerdotal alligators." Mr. TOWNSEND, "as an undertaker," thinks that Greenwich ought to come out in the cemetery interest—probably because it is on the road to Gravesend. These are the representative men of the day; and the only consolation for the friends of constitutional government is, that these bubbles are as evanescent as they are hollow. But even bubbles show the presence and activity of noxious gases. What we have to fear is, that the mephitic vapours of London will drive away respectable candidates from contesting these important constituencies; and Lord JOHN RUSSELL deserves credit, if for nothing else, for his gallant, and we trust successful, attempt to wrest at least one metropolitan seat from the dictation of a narrow-minded clique. Of all selfish cries, that of representing local interests, as distinct from those of the Commonwealth, is the most contracted. Sir JAMES DÜKE is obviously not a

candidate for the British Parliament, but the delegate of the Corporation of London; and his colleagues, however eminent may be their personal qualifications, are put forward, not to share in directing the policy and legislation of the empire, but to job for the benefit of the trade of London. But when Sunday Bands are a social test, it is no wonder that Mincing-lane claims a class representation. Now that it is the etiquette of all the great railway companies to have their chairmen in Parliament, we suppose we shall next hear of a member for Lloyd's.

Our only consolation is—and it is a solid one—that after all, this is but the scum of the great constitutional system. Parliament itself is controlled and informed by something higher and more substantial than itself. If these very candidates ventured to carry out, as representatives, their hustings mouthings, the Parliament which endured such exhibitions—still less which encouraged them—would not be worth six weeks' purchase. England is not to be judged of by all this mopping and mowing. The frantic gestures will, in a week or two, subside—the nonsense will be forgotten—the stump will be burnt—and we shall have a House of Commons a good deal like its predecessors, which will be restrained from much harm, and compelled to some substantial progress, by an influence higher, truer, purer, and more enduring than itself.

GENUS IRRITABILE.

WE have often had occasion to comment on the weakness and vanity which are characteristic of the large class of persons who arrogate to themselves the title of literary men. The shallow knowledge, the imperfect education, the irritable fibre, and the flabby logic of persons of this order are amongst the most serious evils of the day, and tend to produce weighty and not unnatural prejudices on the part of serious persons against all anonymous writers. The demand which exists in our times for quasi-intellectual amusement is so extensive as to have called into unnatural activity a class which was formerly comparatively insignificant. They are persons disinclined by nature, and incapacitated by education, for the graver and less showy pursuits of life; and on the slightest provocation they burst into heroics about their wonderful power and importance, seeking to indemnify themselves by noise and boasting for the unrecognised position and scanty credit which society affords them. We do not know that we have ever seen this habit of mind more curiously illustrated than it is in a sort of overgrown pamphlet which bears the title of *The Press and the Public Service*, and which announces on its title-page, with characteristic impudence, that it is the production of "A Distinguished Writer." It appears that this gentleman's indignation was lately excited by the fact that Lord Clarendon—or, as he calls him, with all the emphasis of an indictment, "George William Frederick Villiers, present and fourth Earl of Clarendon"—"recently asserted his right to question persons in his department respecting their supposed connexion with anonymous publications." We are further informed that his lordship "maintained that in consequence of secret information confidentially communicated to him, a suspected person may be called upon to satisfy his lordship, and to enable his lordship to convince others that such person is not in any way connected with anonymous works attributed to him, either as the author" or as the furnisher of materials. Such a course seems to the "Distinguished Writer" subversive of the liberty of the press, and a sufficient text for two hundred and seventy-two pages of brag of the most flatulent and inconclusive kind, about the position, dignities, and glories of literature. As far as we can understand the writer's views, they amount to an assertion of the principle that any person employed in any department of the public service ought to be at liberty to write, anonymously or not, whatever he pleases—subject to the law of libel—about the policy or proceedings of the department in which he is employed, without running the risk of dismissal. Secrecy of any kind in any of the proceedings of the administration he considers undesirable, thinking that the transaction of public business would be improved and facilitated if all the world had the means of discussing any or all of them at every stage. Dismissal from office he looks upon as a punishment which ought only to be inflicted by means of a judicial sentence. Characteristically enough, these views are only to be extracted from the preface and the concluding chapters. The remainder of the book is such stuff as the literary man is made of, and its little life is rounded off with graces of manufacture singularly curious as specimens of their kind.

The bare statement of the author's views is a sufficient exposure of their hopeless absurdity; but we may remark that it is not a little curious that an administrative reformer should maintain principles which would put a stop at once to the business of any commercial firm in the country. How would Messrs. Coutts or Rothschild like to publish their affairs to the world every evening, or how could they carry on their business if they could never get rid of a clerk without indicting him at the Old Bailey? Where business is conducted with perfect publicity, as in courts of law, a technical procedure becomes indispensable;

and if the "Distinguished Writer's" plans were adopted, it would be almost as difficult to write a despatch as to get a decree of the Court of Chancery, whilst every clerk would have a tenement from which nothing could force him short of an action of ejectment. It is a little odd to find administrative reform developing itself into advocacy of endless technicalities and patent places.

As to the specific question which excites the "Distinguished Writer's" wrath, it is one the solution of which would no doubt require great practical tact and delicacy, but it presents no theoretical difficulty at all. No one is foolish enough to maintain that the bare fact that a man is a public servant ought to debar him from anonymous authorship; and on the other hand, no one, we suppose, will deny that there can hardly be a greater offence against honour and decency than that of using, for the purposes of anonymous authorship, information obtained under the seal of official confidence. It seems to us that if a clerk in a public office furnished a newspaper with the contents of a despatch which was entrusted to him to be copied, he would do as mean an action as a physician who might trade on his patients' confidential communications. Nor do we think the offence would be much smaller if information so obtained were made the groundwork of attacks on the policy of the department than if it were sold. In either case, knowledge entrusted to a person for a specific purpose, which, but for that purpose, he had no sort of right to possess, is employed for very different objects. It is a question of great delicacy whether a person officially employed by the Government is justified in treating of subjects relating to his official employment even on the basis of facts known to all the world. It is characteristic of the "Distinguished Writer" that he sees no difficulty in it at all. His estimate of the importance of a fluent composer is so high that he thinks it blasphemous to impose any sort of restraints upon him. "To suppress the sense of a single writer of genius is a wrong to all mankind, and an insult to the Creator in the person of his inspired servant." After quoting Milton, he adds, in a glorious literary frenzy, "It is better to slay a life than an immortality." Providentially, it is rather easier. "Publycoaler's the boy for me," said the celebrated Jeames de la Pluche; and the Distinguished Writer is obviously of opinion that it is sheer blasphemy to suggest to any "Publycoaler" who earns his root a year at the War Office, that, for a time at least, his heaven-born genius might find some other game than the condition of the troops who are being sent to China. On a careful comparison of the state of supply and demand in the literary market, we cannot think that the public interests would materially suffer, even if it were to be established as a customary and convenient rule, that the subordinate members of public offices should abstain from discussing their policy in the newspapers.

It is not, however, to the author's peculiar views that we are anxious to direct attention. It is rather to the spirit and style in which he writes. His style is that of a sort of lymphatic Macaulay—the kind of matter which that great author would produce if he had to do penny-a-lining on a potato diet. Apropos of personalities, for example, the Distinguished Writer drags in the South Sea Scheme by way of illustration:—

The 2nd of September, 1720, was a sad day in England. The great South Sea bubble had just burst. In vain the Duke of Portland tried to console the frantic dupes. In vain Mr. Huntington, a highly-respected public thief of the period [there is a touch of *Coningsby* in this] made a magniloquent speech in the House of Commons in defence of swindling. In vain Mr. Secretary Craggs . . . praised the conduct of fraudulent directors. It was well known that Sir John Blunt, with the most wily of his accomplices, had sold out his stock, and every fool who had aspired to be a knave was ruined. The ciphering cits, whose upstart pride and profusion had disgusted Steele, were aghast, &c. &c.

We find, at last, that Craggs charged his accusers with personality, which is the only connexion between the South Sea scheme and the subject in hand—which again is only connected with the general purport of the book by the binder.

That the "Distinguished Writer" should imitate Mr. Macaulay is no wonder, for the principal part of his education seems to have consisted in reading that gentleman's Essays. Speaking, for example, of Horace Walpole, he says, "Politics were to him an amusement, a relaxation from the labours of the auction-room and the curiosity-shop." Mr. Macaulay has said almost the same thing in very nearly the same words. A few pages further on, he goes into a showy glorification of Bacon's philosophy, setting it forth in four Latin quotations, all of which Mr. Macaulay selected for the same purpose; and, in the next chapter, having, or finding, further occasion to refer to Bacon's relations with the Cecils, he adopts another quotation from the same essay. The whole passage in which this adaptation occurs affords a curious elucidation of the sources of the author's learning. He illustrates the distrust which, in his opinion, Englishmen always feel for genius by the cases of Bacon, Marlborough—who, he says, was kept in command only "by the extraordinary friendship of Mrs. Morley and Mrs. Freeman," Lord Peterborough, "displaced for Lord Galway," and Clive. Each of these persons formed the subject of one of Mr. Macaulay's reviews, and the passage by which the "Distinguished Writer" illustrates Bacon's connexion with the Cecils is quoted in his Essay. Mr. Macaulay's passion for illustrations, and his extraordinary memory, make him invaluable to gentlemen who wish to be "Distinguished Writers" on easy terms. Turning over a few pages, we find familiar incidental allusions to Hyde, Jeffreys, Arbuthnot, Bacon, Milton, De Foe, Wilkes, Mr. Macaulay, Swift, Lord Carteret, Sydney Smith, Madame de Staël, and Beaumarchais. There must be

some mosaic where there is so much glitter. If the "Distinguished Writer" dresses as he writes, he must be just the kind of "party" whom a police-office reporter would describe as "presenting a fashionable exterior." If he were a woman, one would expect him to be "possessed of not inconsiderable personal attractions." There is an unmistakable air of Brummagem and lacquer about the whole book. We are told, for example, that Boswell showed a vulgar contempt for literature, because he "considered his club degraded by the admission of Adam Smith and Gibbon"—Boswell, whose whole life was passed in worshipping a man who had been a Grub-street hack, and who would kiss the feet of any successful author. His dislike to Adam Smith and Gibbon, if it existed, probably arose from their want of orthodoxy. It certainly could not have arisen from their possession of the identical distinction which made him idolize Johnson. Again, we are informed that "the reign of Napoleon has given to history the names of a greater number of prominent literary men than any other period in French annals, except that of Louis XIV."

Of course a gentleman of this kind is instinctively of opinion that he and his class are the very salt and cream of the earth. The vapouring, irregular fluency of "Distinguished Writers" incapacitates them from appreciating qualities of a more sober kind. "The press," he tells us, "virtually governs this country, because public opinion governs it, and is represented in no other way." He is my master, and also B's, because he is B's agent, who governs us both. "The best writer on theology must necessarily be the most useful religious instructor, and therefore the best bishop. The best writer on law must be the best man for chancellor. The best writer on medicine the best physician." We presume that habits of business, readiness, and knowledge of mankind have nothing to do with these functions, yet we think we could point to considerable exceptions. Butler was a great theologian, and so was Warburton, but we doubt much whether there have not been better bishops. Lord Mansfield was hardly inferior as a judge to Blackstone. Lord Campbell, Sir J. Jervis, and Sir William Erle are not great legal authors—Fearn, Chitty, and Sergeant Stephen were never raised to the bench.

We do not, of course, wish to do anything so suicidal as to lower the importance or dignity of literature. We think that the power of writing well is as important as it is rare; but we feel very strongly that the extravagant vanity, the empty swagger, and the insolent contempt for all that is not showy and plausible, which are constantly displayed by the noisy and ill-educated class which hangs about the profession of literature, are the worst enemies of the cause which they would wish to advance. As soon as a man begins to write for writing's sake, and ceases to use his pen as an instrument for expressing his thoughts, he becomes one of the worst of social nuisances.

ARTIFICIAL GASTRIC JUICE.

It has long been known, as matter of theory and experiment, to chemists and medical men, that it was possible to exhibit by artificial means some of the phenomena of digestion, and to dissolve portions of animal and other food in vessels maintained at a proper temperature, either by the gastric juice obtained from the stomach of an animal killed shortly after a meal, or by a similar substance artificially prepared. But this theoretical knowledge has not, until very recently, been turned to practical account, to any considerable extent, in the treatment of those numerous and distressing forms of bodily disease and infirmity which arise from impaired powers of digestion. Dr. Landerer of Athens was, we believe, the first person who employed in medical practice an artificial gastric juice, which he prepared from the stomach of the wolf; but even before that, rennet, a substance possessing somewhat similar properties, was occasionally used as a medicine in cases of dyspepsia. The systematic introduction, however, on a large scale, of a medicine capable of performing the functions which properly belong to the digestive organs, is due to Dr. Corvisart, a Parisian physician, and the results of its use appear sufficiently remarkable to merit general attention.

Food, it must be observed, as introduced into the stomach, is not in a condition to enter the blood and be converted into the organized tissues of the body. It requires to undergo the process of digestion—"that process," says Lehmann, "by virtue of which nutriment is transmitted, in accordance with chemical and physical laws, into the circulating system, for the renovation of those portions of the organs which have become effete;" the food being thereby, in the words of the same distinguished chemist, "reduced to a soluble state, or, generally speaking, to such a condition that it is capable of being absorbed into the mass of the juices of the animal body." Numerous experiments have been made, both as to the digestibility of various kinds of food, and as to the exact character of the process. Among the best known are those of Gosse, who had the power of inducing vomiting in his own person at will, and could thus recover for examination portions of food which had been exposed for some time to the action of the gastric juice—those of Beaumont, who employed a man whose stomach was easily accessible through a remarkable gunshot wound—and those of Schultz, who worked upon dogs and cats, which he killed at various intervals after feeding. Very great discrepancies exist between the results arrived at by the different investigators; nor have the experiments with artificial gastric fistulae been much more satisfactory,

so far as regards the degrees of digestibility of different aliments. But it is established that the *modus operandi* by which the change resulting from digestion is effected is one of those mysterious processes classed by chemists under the designation of catalysis, in which a substance, by virtue of the presence of some other body or bodies not themselves affected by what is taking place, becomes converted into something of which the chemical composition is identical with the original substance, but which nevertheless possesses very distinct and peculiar physical properties. The food, in fact, to use a term of organic chemistry, is converted into an isomeric variety of what it originally was; and one of the physical properties which it acquires by the change is its capability of absorption and assimilation by the proper secretory organs of the stomach and intestines. Until it undergoes this change, it can neither be absorbed nor assimilated, and is consequently not only useless, but injurious, and wholly incapable of supporting life.

The solution of food of all kinds in the stomach is effected by the agency of gastric juice, which is, essentially, a combination of a substance called *pepsin* (literally, the *cooking principle*), with an acid—probably lactic acid, the pungent and disagreeable acid which imparts its peculiar flavour to sour milk. Much discussion has taken place among chemists as to whether or not other acids, such as acetic, hydrochloric, and phosphoric, are present in the active natural juice; but it appears certain, at all events, that in every case, unless it be one of absolute disease, lactic acid is present in such quantity as to communicate to the gastric juice a decided acid reaction. It attacks iron filings, and decomposes carbonate of soda. It is also matter of discussion whether the lactic acid be a primary and original constituent of the gastric juice, or whether it is produced in a more circuitous manner, the pepsin being secreted in a neutral state, and then acting as a ferment upon the amylaceous substances of the food, and so generating the acid. Thus much is certain, that the property of so acting, by causing fermentation, is inherent in the neutral substance—i.e., in pepsin without any lactic acid in composition with it—while pepsin in this neutral condition is destitute of digestive power. M. Boudault, of Paris, who alone has at present succeeded in preparing pepsin on a large scale, is of opinion that the secretion is neutral. The question is of consequence, for if it be so, the part played by the saliva in the whole machinery of digestion assumes additional importance, as we must then conclude that one of its constituents (diastase) is employed in the stomach to convert the starchy matter of the food into grape sugar; and this, in its turn, is converted by the pepsin into lactic acid, without the aid of which, pepsin could not perform its appropriate functions.

Whatever be the precise reaction of pepsin, one fact is clear—it is the principal and indispensable element in producing the change involved in the operation of digestion. Remove the pepsin, and all the other secretions are powerless—acidulate slightly a solution which contains (according to Wasmann) but one sixty-thousandth part of pepsin, and in a few hours it will dissolve coagulated albumen. Hence if, in cases of impaired digestive power, pepsin can be introduced, even in very small quantities, into the stomach, at the time of taking food, the operations of nature will be wonderfully facilitated.

So long ago as 1834, it was proved by Eberle that the gastric juice retains its power after removal from the body; but it is an excessively nauseous fluid, and can only be obtained in any available quantities by the destruction of a great number of animals. It contains as much as 97 per cent. of water, about 1.75 of salts, and only 1.25 of pepsin; and if, therefore, the pepsin could be obtained distinct from these diluting elements, a great point would be gained, and its administration rendered comparatively easy. Experiments made by Schwann established the important fact that it is only the glandular structure of the stomach which contains a digestive fluid from which the pepsin may be precipitated; and this led to the preparation of pepsin in the manner now used by M. Boudault. A number of rennet bags—commonly used in making cheese, and which are the fourth stomachs of the ruminants—are turned inside out, very gently washed, and the mucous membrane, which contains the follicles whereby the juice is secreted, scraped off. It is reduced to a pulp, steeped for twelve hours in cold distilled water, and acetate of lead (sugar of lead) added. This precipitates the pepsin; and the precipitate is treated with sulphuretted hydrogen, which separates the lead as sulphuret, and leaves the pepsin in solution. It is then filtered and evaporated to a syrup, or even to a dry powder, at a low heat; for it happens very curiously that, if exposed to a heat of more than 120° F., it loses all power of digestion. In either of these conditions, however, it is very liable to decomposition if exposed to air, is excessively deliquescent, and the taste and smell are repulsive, resembling those of bad broth. The syrupy solution is therefore mixed with starch, and the mixture carefully dried. It then forms a grey powder, like coarse flour, and by addition of starch or pepsin, as the case may require, can be brought to an uniform standard of strength; and it is then fit for medicinal use, either by itself or mixed with muriate of morphia, strychnia, salts of iron, or other reagents, which do not affect its digestive properties.

Thus prepared, pepsin can be taken with the greatest ease, either in water, or between slices of bread, or in any other simple manner, and, according to M. Boudault—from whose communication to the Imperial Academy of Medicine some of the foregoing

facts have been taken—and to Dr. Ballard, who has introduced it into London practice, it is capable in every way of representing and replacing the normal gastric juice of the human body. Some very curious instances are mentioned by Dr. Ballard, whose character and position render him a witness above suspicion, and whose cases are recorded in sufficient numbers to preclude the possibility of the results being attributable to any accidental circumstances. Perhaps the most remarkable case is that of a lady, sixty-six years of age, who for four years had suffered pain which she had “no words to describe,” for three or four hours after every meal. The natural consequences were, excessive prostration and complete disgust for food; and she had for many weeks limited herself to four rusks and a little milk and beef-tea per diem. The first day pepsin was used, she ate, with ease and enjoyment, a mutton chop—though, on the day before, she had endured intense agony for no less than five hours after her ordinary meal. In a few days she ate pretty freely, and gradually improved, and at length was able to give up the pepsin entirely, to eat without pain, and walk some miles without fatigue. (Dr. Ballard, on *Artificial Digestion*, p. 30.) The pepsin appears, from this and many other recorded cases, not only to act *per se* on the food, but to restore the lost activity of the secretive organs. The importance of such a result, and the value of the remedy, can only be appreciated by reference to the actual amount of the digestive secretions. According to Lehmann, the juices which flow into the intestinal canal during the twenty-four hours amount to full one-seventh of the whole weight of the body. A man who weighs ten stone will secrete in twenty-four hours about—

Saliva, 3 lbs. 7 oz., containing about $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. of solid matter.
Bile, 3 lbs. 7 oz.
Gastric juice, 13 lbs. 12 oz., containing about $\frac{6}{12}$ oz. of solid matter.
Pancreatic juice, 7 oz.
Intestinal juice, 7 oz.

After reading this table, no elaborate argument is needed to prove that the consequences of serious derangement to the organs concerned in the production of so important a secretion as the gastric juice must be terrible; and yet no class of diseases is so common. Precious indeed would be a remedy which should enable medical science to cope successfully with any considerable proportion of such maladies.

PROFESSOR OWEN'S LECTURES AT THE MUSEUM OF PRACTICAL GEOLOGY.

IV.

HAVING arrived at the halfway house of his ascending survey, Professor Owen turned to cast a glance on the region which he had traversed. He pointed out how one form of mammalian life after another had become extinct, how the strange forms of the Eocene creatures were modified in the Miocene, and at last passed away—the Palæotherian form, for example, disappearing in the Hipparion, and the Auoplotherian in the Anthracotherium. It is as if we looked at a dissolving view. Now we see a shape plainly—soon it becomes misty—and then another form grows into distinctness in its place. The Proboscideans, we may remember, appeared in the Dinotherium, and now, on passing the frontiers of the Pliocene, we find them in increasing numbers. In the Miocene period we saw the Mastodon—in the Pliocene we find true elephants. After showing the distinction between the teeth of the Mastodon and the elephant, Professor Owen proceeded to explain the way in which the highly-complex grinding teeth of the elephant are formed, and the mode in which they succeed each other. Next he pointed out how the neck was furnished with immensely-powerful muscles, so as to enable the creature to support its load of teeth and tusks; and he then passed on to explain that we should not be tempted, by the great size of the elephant's head, into supposing that this sagacious animal has a brain at all corresponding to the dimensions of its skull. Its brain is surrounded by air-cells, separated from each other by stony partition walls of bone. Hence the difficulty which is experienced in shooting elephants. The Ceylon sportsman aims at a spot just above the root of the proboscis. If he is exactly true to his mark, the animal falls. If he fires a little too low, the ball passes into the tusk-socket, causing great pain to the animal, but not endangering its life. A coating of ivory soon forms round the ball, which eventually is pushed forward. Hence it is that the ivory-turner is often puzzled by finding a ball in the midst of the material on which he is at work.

The Mammoth of Siberia was a true elephant, protected against the rigours of its northern home by a thick coat of wool overlaid by a great-coat of hair. The history of the first discovery of an entire specimen of this creature, by Tungusian hunters during the last century, in an enormous mass of ice, was detailed by Professor Owen, who then went on to say that the remains of the Mammoth have been found in all, or almost all the counties of England. Off the coast of Norfolk they are met with in vast abundance. The fishermen who go to catch turbot between the mouth of the Thames and the Dutch coast, constantly get their nets entangled in the tusks of the Mammoth. A collection of tusks and other remains, obtained in this way, is to be seen at Ramsgate. In North America this gigantic extinct elephant must have been very common, and a large portion of the ivory which supplies the markets of Europe is derived from the vast Mammoth grave-yards of

Siberia. Contemporary with the Mammoth was another elephant (*Elephas meridionalis*), which inhabited the southern parts of Europe. The Mammoth ranged at least as far north as 66°. There is no doubt that at the present day many specimens of the musk-ox are annually becoming imbedded in the mud and ice of the North American rivers. Quite recently, another Mammoth has been found in a state as perfect as that which was discovered by the Tungusian hunters, and the Russian savants have examined it by the light of microscopic anatomy, so that we now know not only about the framework but about many of the most delicate tissues of the creature. The Mammoth was not the only giant that inhabited England in the Pliocene period. We had also here the *Rhinoceros Tichorinus*, so called from the strong wall which strengthened his nostrils and the parts adjoining them. Entire specimens of this creature have also been found. Pallas describes one which was discovered near Yakutsk, the place which enjoys the unenviable reputation of being the coldest town on the globe. There was also another kind of Rhinoceros, known as *leptorhinus* (fine nose), because it wanted the strong wall which its harder congener possessed. It dwelt along with the elephant of southern Europe. In Siberia, an animal called the Elasmotherium has been discovered, forming a link between the Rhinoceros and the horse.

In his eighth lecture, Professor Owen directed the attention of his hearers chiefly to the memorials of mammalian life which have been found in the Pliocene and postpliocene deposits of this country. In the brick-fields round London, the remains of the Mammoth and of the *Rhinoceros Tichorinus* have been discovered in enormous quantities. It is curious to observe that the Mammoth teeth which are met with in caves belonged generally to young Mammoths, who probably resorted thither for shelter before increasing age and strength emboldened them to wander far a-field. In the days of the Mammoth, we had also in England a hippopotamus, rather larger than the species which now inhabits the Nile. The Egyptian hippopotamus likes rivers whose water maintains an even temperature; but our British hippopotamus must have been less luxurious, as the shell-fish with which he was contemporary were those of our existing waters. Remains of this *Hippopotamus major* have been found in many parts of England. Some were dug up by the workmen who were preparing the foundations of the new Junior United Service Club.

Equine fossils of many kinds have been found in this country, bearing witness to creatures varying in size from the dimensions of a dray-horse to those of a donkey. Coeval with the Pliocene horses and wild asses was a kind of antelope, with a bifurcated horn. The only kind of antelope which has a bifurcated horn at the present day is one which inhabits the Rocky Mountains. The wild boars of the Pliocene period seem to have belonged to the same species as those which now exist in Germany. No satisfactory distinction has, at least as yet, been pointed out. We have no evidence that the Giraffe extended to England; but it was undoubtedly a dweller in France during the earlier Pliocene period. Of deer we had many species. The huge Irish elk, as it is called—which is, in truth, not an elk, but a deer—has, as is well known, left its bones in immense quantities in the shell marl which underlies, in many places, the peat bog of the sister Island, as well as in the Isle of Man, and elsewhere. This animal was not really so large as those who first discovered its antlers imagined it to have been; for its antlers were not only absolutely, but relatively, larger than is the case in the deer of existing species which are best provided with these formidable appendages. The bones of the red-deer have been found in various deposits beginning with the newer fresh-water Pliocene, and possibly even with the Red-crag. This is, it would seem, the same creature which now wanders over the Highlands, the survivor of so many more powerful animals—a link connecting our fox and rabbit days with those of the Mammoth and the Tichorine rhinoceros. The Roebuck, which is still found in the northern lowlands of Scotland, was once extensively distributed over Great Britain. Its remains have been found near Newbury, in Berkshire, and at many other places.

The rein-deer was also an inhabitant of these islands, as well as of Germany, where it was still to be found, even in the time of Cæsar. Our English rein-deer seems most nearly to have resembled the Newfoundland species. The fallow-deer of our parks is, on the other hand, not an indigenous animal. It was introduced, probably from its native country, the North of Africa, five or six centuries ago. At Woolwich and elsewhere have been found the remains of a gigantic bison, perhaps the same creature which now lives in the forests of Lithuania, protected by strict game laws. If so, the modern bison (*Aurochs*) has degenerated. We had also a kind of buffalo, probably the same which is known in North America as the musk-ox, which wanders far into the depths of the Northern solitudes. Cæsar mentions the existence in the forests of Germany, not only of the wild shaggy bison which we identify with the Lithuanian *Aurochs*, but also of an immense bovine animal, which was not like it, rough and hairy, but more nearly resembled an enormous variety of bull. The remains which have been found by geologists exactly bear out the description of the quick-eyed Roman. We had also here such a monster, and it has been supposed by some high authorities that our cattle are descended from him. Those who contemplate the head and horns of this pleasant creature will, however, we think, agree with Professor Owen,

that he was not exactly the subject which a primitive race was likely to consider it desirable to domesticate. The remains of another extinct bovine animal have been found in England, to which the name of *Bos longifrons* has been given, in allusion to the shape of its forehead. It is just possible that this creature may have been occasionally tamed, but it is certain that most of our breeds of cattle are far more nearly allied to bovine animals which had their first home in India, or rather which are represented on the monuments of Egypt. The European settlers who went to North America carried with them their cattle, and did not trust to the chance of being able to subjugate the monsters of the prairies. It is more than probable that the Romans, if not even earlier immigrants into this country, did the same. Some of the mountain cattle in the Scotch Highlands resemble the *Bos longifrons*, and may be descended from it. The white cattle of Chillingham, on the other hand, which are preserved with so much care, are really only an imported and Eastern breed, which has run wild.

To pass now to the carnivorous animals, which preyed upon and restrained the undue multiplication of these vegetable feeders. First we have the bear family, which is now represented in this country only by the badger. We were once blest, however, with many bears. One species seems to have been identical with the existing brown bear of the European Continent. Far larger and more formidable was the gigantic cave-bear (*Ursus spelæus*), which surpassed in size his grizzly brother of North America. The skull of the cave-bear differs very much in shape from that of its small brown relative just alluded to—the forehead, in particular, is much higher. Unfortunately, however, there is no reason to suppose that the *Ursus spelæus* was wiser than the rest of his family, as the greater size of skull is to be accounted for by an arrangement of air-cells similar to those which we have already remarked in the elephant. The cave-bear has left its remains in vast abundance in Germany. In our own caves, the bones of hyenas are found in greater quantities. The marks which the teeth of the hyena make upon the bones which it gnaws are quite unmistakable. Our English hyenas had the most indiscriminating appetite, preying upon every creature, their own species amongst others. Wolves, not distinguishable from those which now exist in France and Germany, seem to have kept company with the hyenas; and the *Felis spelæa*, a sort of lion, but larger than any which now exists, ruled over all weaker brutes. Here, said Professor Owen, we have the original British Lion. A species of *Machairodus*, not identical with that to which we alluded last week, has left its remains at Kent's Hole, near Torquay. In England we had also the beaver, which still lingers on the Danube and the Rhone, and a larger species which has been called *Trogontherium* (gnawing beast), and a gigantic mole. Contemporary with these, lived a Pika, or tail-less hare, which, long extinct in Europe, is still found in Siberia. It is a strange little animal, remarkable for the industry with which it provides itself in summer with hay for its winter support. The sable-hunters rely on the stores which it accumulates for feeding their ponies in the icy winter wastes.

While these creatures tenanted the land, the Narwhal, with its spiral tusk, long believed to be the horn of the unicorn, lived in our English seas. In that strip of reddish colour which runs along the cliffs of Suffolk, and is called the Redcrag, immense quantities of Cetacean remains have been found. Four different kinds of whales, little inferior in size to the whalebone whale, have left their bones in this vast charnel house. In 1840, a singularly perplexing fossil was brought to Professor Owen, from the Redcrag of Suffolk. No one could say what it was. He determined it to be the tooth of a Cetacean, a unique specimen. Now the remains of Cetaceans in the Suffolk crag have been discovered in such enormous quantities, that many thousands a year are made by converting them into manure.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

At the last meeting of this Society, a paper was read by Mr. C. V. Walker, *On a New System of Train Signalling*—by which, more particularly, disabled trains may telegraph for assistance without the aid of portable apparatus. In the early days of electro-telegraphy, when the same wires were called upon alternately to convey messages and to send signals of the movements of railway trains, the arrangement of special apparatus for the latter purpose was impracticable. During the last few years the case has been somewhat different, and more especially so within the last year or two. The advantage of giving greater facilities for applying the electric telegraph to the protection of railway trains has been recognised by railway authorities, and appreciated by Government. Hence the opportunities of simplifying the apparatus employed.

The signal bell, which forms the subject of Mr. Walker's communication—its language, the battery employed, and the relation in which each is placed to the other when erected for use—are so simple as to be manipulated and understood with great ease. The bells themselves have been in use on the South Eastern Railway for the last five years. There are about one hundred in operation at the present time, and others are in the course of erection. The system is in use—1. For ordinary train signalling. 2. For protecting junctions. 3. For protecting level crossings. But the point to which the author especially desires to direct atten-

tion in connexion with his invention is this:—should a train or engine break down or be in difficulties on any part of a railway, the guard or drivers will be able to call for assistance, *without its being necessary to be provided with a telegraph battery, or any electrical apparatus whatever*; so that, without any acquaintance with telegraph arrangements, or telegraph language, the persons in charge of a train or engine, by following very simple instructions, may always obtain help in case of accident. Thus, by the adoption of this simple apparatus for ordinary train signalling, the great practical difficulties are avoided of keeping all guards and drivers trained in the mode of "connecting up," and using a telegraph instrument, while the expense of having telegraph apparatus in every train is also saved.

The author's invention is recommended as having the additional advantage of not interfering in any way with the ordinary employment of the apparatus for the regular purpose of signalling trains. The apparatus consists of an electro-magnet—an armature with a stem, carrying a hammer, a bell, and a contact-maker. The electro-magnetic coils are each 4 in. in diameter, and 3 in. long. They contain 10 lbs. or 370 yards of No. 18 copper wire. The core is $\frac{3}{4}$ in. square iron. The armature is about 5 in. long, by $\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide. Its weight, with its stem and attached hammer, is 2½ oz. The instrument speaks to the ear. The nature of the information conveyed is expressed by the number of blows given on the bell; each current sent causes one blow, and when the current is cut off, the hammer returns by its own gravity. Two blows per second can be given. A code, varying from one to six blows, is more than enough for the usual train-signalling. One blow is the signal for an ordinary train out, two for a special or express train out, three for any train in. Four is available—five is a signal to stop everything—six is for testing bells. No signal is complete till repeated by the other station. The only moveable parts are a single spring for making contact, and the hammer system for striking. The battery is zinc graphite, and is found so efficient that it will perform its work without being renewed for six or eight months. Twelve cells ring well a pair of bells a mile apart.

By the common mode of connecting up, the wire at one station goes from the earth to the bell, thence by the line wire to the bell at the far station, and thence to the earth there; and at each station the graphite end of the battery is connected to the earth, the zinc end being insulated and free. But on depressing the spring, the home battery is put in circuit, a current passes, and both bells ring; or, when it is inconvenient for the home station to be troubled with the sound of its own bell, the latter is so placed as to be left out of the circuit when the home battery is on. By this arrangement, when neither of the batteries is in circuit, the bells are silent, and the line wire leading from one to the other is in a normal state. Thus the circuit is—earth, graphite, zinc, bell, line wire, bell, zinc, graphite, earth—i.e., both bells and both batteries are in the circuit, the latter being opposed and at rest. If the person at the home station now depresses his spring, he excludes his own battery from the circuit, and the equilibrium being now destroyed, the distant current, no longer counterbalanced by an equal and opposed current, circulates and rings both bells. In the original case, the person at the home station makes a signal by means of his own battery—in the latter case, he makes it by means of the distant battery.

Thus far, then, the purposes of ordinary train signalling are accomplished by either arrangement, equally well; but the great and peculiar merit of Mr. Walker's invention is the power which the bells and their language confer upon the persons in charge of a train, when the system of opposed counterbalanced currents is adopted. Let R. represent any spot on a railway, intermediate between two bell-stations, where a train may be in distress. The guard has only to attach a wire to the line-wire, and holding the other end in his hand, it is in his power to cause a current to circulate from each battery, through the adjacent bell, by merely touching the rail of the permanent way with this wire. Every time he touches the rail, the current passes, and both bells ring. The course of the current from either station is from the rail through the attached wire, the line-wire, the bell, and the battery to the earth at the station. The attached wire is common to both circuits. Instead of a wire, each engine should have with it two or three lengths of small iron tube, galvanized, with a roughened hook, for the upper end to fasten on the line wire, and a few yards of gutta-percha-covered wire terminating in a file, or stiff point, coiled on the other end ready for making the contacts. The lengths screw together, or they may be connected by sockets. The bell-wire may be distinguished by having porcelain letters placed on the poles near it. The arrangements for buried or tunnel wires are obvious—they must be brought up in a loop and noted, and a piece of the covering should be removed to make contact.

The author next shows how his invention is applicable in the cases of disabled trains and their wants. These are, generally speaking, few in number. Engine power may be all that is wanted; or other aid may be required. Groups consisting of ten blows and minute-pauses may serve to give notice in the first case, and groups of ten blows and minute contacts for the latter. Whenever this bell system is in operation, every train may be put into the condition of obtaining help when disabled, for the outlay of half-a-crown per engine. Independently of this important application, the common telegraphing work may be done with half the battery power. For if, instead

of putting the home battery out of circuit in order to make a signal, it is reversed on the circuit, the force from the batteries at both stations may be made to circulate; and as this is more than is required for the actual work, half the power at each station may be dispensed with.

The truth of these conclusions has been tested by practice. Groups of bells, as, for instance, the group from Red-hill to Reigate, are connected upon the foregoing principles, and are doing the ordinary work in the ordinary way, being at the same time ready for the special work when required. The null or normal state of the line-wire has been tested by interposing proper apparatus in the circuit which remained unaffected. The disabled train signal has repeatedly been made by effecting the necessary contacts at various intermediate places. The bells are put into the special condition either by confining down the springs at both stations, and so opposing the currents of both batteries where no signal is required, and releasing one in order to make a signal—or, which is more simple, by interchanging the wires so as to move the connexions.

REVIEWS.

QUEDAH.*

THERE is only one class of persons whom we can conscientiously dissuade from reading Captain Osborn's books—namely, youths with a hankering after the navy, which their parents wish to discourage. Since the publications of Captain Basil Hall and Captain Marryat, we have seen no works so likely to be on that account *matribus detestata*. The account of Sir R. McClure's *Discovery of the North-west Passage* was in every respect worthy of the surpassing moral grandeur of the subject. With the *Stray Leaves from an Arctic Journal* we are not acquainted; but *Quedah* is a sort of naval pastoral, setting the possibilities of a midshipman's career in a light at once so natural, so graceful, and so interesting, that it would be enough to make a spirited lad run away from school or from home to the nearest seaport town, if it did not convey a general impression of honour and truth which would teach him that a dutiful and a courageous disposition go together.

In the spring of 1838, Captain Osborn was a midshipman in her Majesty's corvette *Hyacinth*, then stationed at Singapore. There was at that time an alliance between the East India Company and the King of Siam. That potentate was at war with a certain Malay chief, called Prince Abdullah, who claimed to be Rajah of the town and province of Quedah, a place on the western coast of the peninsula of Malaya, and at no great distance to the north of Pulo Penang. The Siamese looked upon Abdullah as a pirate, and the East India Company took the same view—in Captain Osborn's opinion, a harsh one—of the matter; and the *Hyacinth*, aided by a squadron of three gunboats, was accordingly sent to blockade the coast, pending the advance of an army of 30,000 Siamese from Bangkok. The consequence of this arrangement was that, in the eighteenth year of his age, Captain Osborn found himself entrusted with the command of a lugger-rigged boat 48 feet long, mounting an 18-pounder carronade in her bows, and a 6-pounder pivot-gun on her quarter-deck, and manned by twenty-six of those Malays to whom the whole army of melodramatic novelists has appropriated the epithet of "blood-thirsty." One of them was *serang*, or boatswain. There was, besides, an interpreter, who passed for a Portuguese, because his mother was a Burmese woman, and his father was supposed to be an English officer. Being a Protestant on one side, and a Buddhist on the other, he became a Roman Catholic—continuing, however, to believe in Buddhism, and strongly inclining to the peculiar superstitions of the Malays. The first communication which this trustworthy follower made to his superior was that most of the crew were pirates, well accustomed to the gal at Singapore, and that the boatswain was the most notorious of the party. The boatswain's name was Jadee. Tried by most conventional rules, he certainly was a doubtful character, for he was by birth a cannibal—at least such was the common opinion about the tribe to which he belonged. He was afterwards sold as a slave, but rose by his courage to the rank of a pirate, fighting for several years the Chinese, Spaniards, and Dutch, "of whom he never spoke without execrating their mothers;" but he got a check in his profession from a King's ship, which drove him from wholesale to retail practice. After robbing market-boats for some time with varying success, a party of Chinamen captured him one day whilst he was asleep; and, knowing his character, they invented a story which they thought would be enough to get him hanged, and to which they all swore "by all they could swear by." The judge who tried the case doubted the evidence, and Jadee was sent to gal, from which he obtained his release by volunteering to act as executioner in the absence of the proper authority—conquering what little reluctance he might otherwise have felt to undertake the office by the reflection that the man to be hung was a Chinese. Having duly discharged this function, Jadee was promoted to the office of pirate-hunter; and thenceforth, with the exception of

provoking the jealousy of a gentleman who speared him in fourteen different places, he maintained an irreproachable character.

With a crew composed of such materials as these, and of whose language he did not know a single word, Captain Osborn was sent to blockade a long line of coast, at an age when an Eton boy is just beginning to aspire after the glories of the sixth form, and to think that in a year or two he may perhaps know something about elegiacs and Greek Iambics. In this occupation, and in the society of this crew and of those of the other gunboats and the ship's-boats, Captain Osborn passed three of the happiest months of his life, making acquaintance with strange men, seeing strange sights, and living on fish, rice, and curried fowl, which had to be eaten on the principle that fingers were made before forks. The services of the gunboats were not very active or dangerous. Every now and then a war-canoe would come out, which the gunboats chased with various success. For some time the blockading force was assisted by a lubberly Siamese brig, which got the nickname of the "Teda Bagoose," or "no-good," from the answer which one of the captains—for she had two—invariably returned to all suggestions of fighting; and at last, the blockaders witnessed the siege and capture of Quedah by the Siamese, and had the satisfaction of protecting a number of women, children, and old men from the fiendish cruelties which, but for their connivance and assistance in their escape, the victorious army would have practised upon the families of the rebels. These events form the story which connects together the descriptions and incidents to which the interest of the work is due. Its most prominent feature is the good opinion which, notwithstanding their bad name, Captain Osborn's experience led him to form of the Malays. They are, he says, a much injured race, who have been driven into piracy by the oppressions of the Dutch and the Portuguese, but retain a vast deal of courage and generosity. They are, moreover, Mahometans, and the power and energy of that faith elevates them far above the Buddhist populations amongst whom they live. They make far better sailors than any other Asiatics, displaying not only courage and a capacity for receiving discipline, but a degree of handiness and general ingenuity which, if equalled, is certainly not surpassed, in our own service. Three of Captain Osborn's crew built a boat, twenty-two feet long, capable of containing ten persons, and pulling four oars, in the space of three weeks—their materials being two planks of wood, each two inches thick and thirty feet long, and their tools a couple of native axes and a red-hot ramrod, which was used as an auger. On another occasion, the crew of the gunboat dug out a tidal dock, and there docked their vessel—mended her rudder, which had been injured near the bottom—launched her, and repaired an accident by which one of her timbers was stove in during the process. By judicious management the Malays were quite capable of being brought under discipline. One of Captain Osborn's crew thought fit to abuse the interpreter in a very foul manner. His commanding officer determined to protect his subordinate, and, notwithstanding all notions about Malay vengeance, the offender was in due form of law tied up to the bow gun and solemnly flogged, after which he became one of the best men in the crew. Though Captain Osborn makes rather light of the raw-head and bloody-bones ferocity which popular opinion attributes to the Malays, many of the stories which he tells, especially of his boatswain, Jadee, bring out the points of the national character upon which such notions are founded, with the most picturesque distinctness. For example, when Captain Osborn first went on board to assume his new command, he asked his boatswain's opinion as to whether he thought that the defenders of Quedah would come out and fight. On the suggestion that such an event was possible, Jadee sent the armourer for his fighting dress, which consisted of a quilted red waistcoat without arms, clothed in which he drew a sword with one hand and a knife with the other, and "enacted a savage pantomime of a mortal fight between himself and the rebel chief, in which he evidently conquered." After this, he further relieved his feelings by calling his enemy every sort of unseemly name, ending with pouring out his whole stock of English at once in the phrase, "Ah, you damned poul, come alongside!" "Poul," or "fool," is supposed to be a phrase with which the white men emphatically curse their enemies. Nor was this mere bravado, for Jadee proved his courage on many occasions.

Captain Osborn gives a wonderfully graphic description of the appearance of his crew whilst waiting to attack a fleet of piratical canoes which had had five minutes allowed them to capitulate. The Malays were half-mad with excitement, looking just like so many game-cocks, whilst the sturdy men-of-war's men and marines were grimly examining the caps and nipples of their firearms, and joking about the question whether "her" (the muskets) would "shoot straight to-day, and pitch sixty rounds into them precious Malays." The Malays are very superstitious. One of them not only saw and spat at a ghost himself, but showed it to Captain Osborn, who, with a true sailor's relish for such things, says that he certainly perceived something like the shadow of a woman gliding about in a jungle. Again, when they were going into action, Jadee begged his officer to put a little pork into the gun—he said the flesh of the unclean animal had a wonderful effect in action. Perhaps, however, the most remarkable of Jadee's accomplishments in this line was his receipt for killing the wind. The gunboat being struck by a squall—

The little *Emerald* lay down to it for a moment, the helm was put up, and away she flew before the storm like a snow-flake. Jadee stood by my side,

* *Quedah*; or, *Stray Leaves from a Journal in Malayan Waters*. By Captain Sherard Osborn, R.N., C.B., Officier de la Légion d'Honneur. London: Longmans. 1857.

"A bad wind, Touhan; we must kill it!" "Kill away! Jadee," I replied, laughing at the idea of so fickle a personage as the Clerk of the Weather getting into a scrape with a Malay pirate. "Kill away, by all means!" "Campar!" shouted Jadee—poor Campar! he had to be everywhere—"oh! Campar, thou son of a burnt mother, hand her the rice-spoon!" shouted Jadee, looking as solemn as a quaker or a haggi. This rice-spoon, by the way, was the only one in the vessel; it was made of wood, and used for stirring the rice whilst cooking over the fire; its value to us may be invested it with a certain degree of sanctity. The spoon was brought, and I tried to look as solemn as Jadee, who, calling to his aid the sanctimonious Aleo, placed the spoon upon the deck between him and the wind, and the pair of true believers repeated some verses over it—bound themselves, by a vow, to sacrifice several game-cocks* upon a favourable occasion, and then the precious spoon was stuck through the lanyards of the main rigging, with the handle to leeward. I think I should have died from the effects of suppressed mirth, had not the fury of the squall and the quantity of water thrown on board of us given me enough to do to look after the safety of the craft. Jadee, however, sat quietly watching and waiting for the effect of his incantation: at last, down came the rain—not in drops, but in bucketfuls, and, as usual, the wind fell entirely. Hastening to get under the rain-awnings and mats until the weather cleared up, I remarked to Jadee that "the wind was fairly killed." "Yes!" he replied, with a sly expression of countenance, "I never saw that charm fail; I never saw the wind that could long stand its effect. The Rajah of Johore was the first man who taught it to me, and I have found it infallible."

This is followed by a story far too good to abridge, and too long to extract, of the way in which Jadee learned this useful recipe.

The main object of the book is the vindication of the Malay character from the common opinions respecting it; but it contains, apart from this, a great number of charming descriptions of scenery, and of very interesting anecdotes. Captain Osborn is one of the few Europeans who have seen the process of finding the famous edible bird's-nests of which the Chinese are so fond, and the search for which is so dangerous that two-fifths of the persons employed in it lose their lives. He also records several strange incidents which were brought under his notice, one of which we must specially refer to, on account of its extraordinary character. It is the history of a man who ran away as a boy to go to sea, and of the miseries which he underwent in a ship sent home from Africa with hardly any provisions or water, with a captain who was a furious and wicked madman, a surgeon who was an unnerfed and idiotic sot, and a crew which was in all respects worthy of the officers. A more ghastly story we never read; and yet there is nothing in it which may not well be true.

We hope this book may meet with sufficient success to induce the author to give us more of his experiences. A man who began his career amongst the Malays, who has served with great distinction in the Arctic Ocean, and who improvised the famous raft which did the Russians so much harm in the Siwash and at Kerteh, has something to tell, and we can answer for his finding plenty of people willing to hear.

THE PURITAN COMMONWEALTH.†

THE craving for a distinguished ancestry—the desire to establish, as it were, an *à priori* claim to be considered great and good—is one of the most ineradicable forms of human vanity. Where the existence of republican institutions has rendered individual pride of birth either obsolete or feeble, the feeling seems to concentrate itself into an intense interest in the parentage of the community itself. But such a retrospect, where it is possible, is rarely satisfactory. Every nation was originally a colony, and people who leave their mother country to colonize are, as a general rule, people who have made the mother country too hot to hold them. Most nations, therefore, have found it pleasanter to shroud the truth under some bright-hued mist of fable; and the darkness of early history, and the absence of authentic records, have made this an easy task among the older races of the world. The Athenian grasshoppers, the Spartan dragon's teeth, or that more sober but not less fabulous connexion with the heroes of Troy which has been claimed alike by modern Britain and ancient Rome, are poetic tales which cannot now be displaced by any more trustworthy account. But newer communities are not so fortunate. America and Australia have the mortifying fact standing out on the face of authentic history, that a large section of their ancestry consists of those who were cast out by the mother country because they were too bad to remain within her pale. However, in America at least, there was one portion of the early population—the Puritan Fathers—who were not open to the stigma of "having left their country for their country's good," though England was undoubtedly the better for their emigration. Accordingly, the Americans have indemnified themselves for the disgrace of transportation by canonizing the Puritans; and in the boldness with which they have invented achievements and merits for their saints, they have not fallen far behind the legend writers of old time. They have held them up as confessors to the cause of religious liberty, and as among the earliest champions of political freedom. We have caught the cry in Europe—at least our poets and song writers have done so—for few people on this side of the Atlantic have known enough of early American history to disprove the myth, or have cared enough about it to make the necessary research.

* I fancy, says Captain Osborn, from game-cocks being introduced into this superstitious observance, that it is purely of Malay origin.

† An Historical View of the Puritan Government in Massachusetts, from its Rise to the Abrogation of the First Charter. By the late Peter Oliver. Boston: 1856.

But at last a native Devil's Advocate has arisen. The late Mr. Oliver—for the work before us is a posthumous publication—was an American barrister, and, though his work shows marks of great ability, and much painstaking inquiry, it smacks too much of his professional habits as an advocate. This is probably merely a reaction caused by the violent enthusiasm of those around him. Any extravagant public opinion is sure to breed an extravagant opposition, just as the bellicose mania of the country gentlemen with us has called forth the counter follies of the Peace Society. But that Mr. Oliver should have fallen into this error is the more to be regretted as his materials for exposing the Puritan imposture were ample for their purpose, and have been only weakened by the obvious exaggeration of his treatment. His first step is to show that the Puritan Commonwealth which ruled in Massachusetts from 1630 to 1685 was a complete usurpation. It drew its authority neither from the monarchy of England nor from the voluntary choice of the people whom it assumed to govern. For the double purposes, of mission-work and commerce in Massachusetts Bay, Charles I. had granted a charter of incorporation to a company in England. As their field of operations was distant and hazardous, and as their main object was the spread of true religion—which assuredly was not Puritanism in Charles's view—he granted them some special privileges, such as the mitigation of taxation, and the power to make rules and ordinances, and to impose "fines, mulcts, and imprisonments, or other lawful corrections, according to the course of other corporations." In point of fact, it was a colonizing corporation—a mixture of the characters of the New Zealand Company and the Canterbury Association—with a commercial object and a Church-extension object; but manifestly it was invested with no political, still less with any Puritan character. But into the hands of the Puritans the charter very soon found its way. It was illegally transferred from England to Massachusetts, the Puritan Pilgrims proclaiming, as they went, their strong attachment to the English Church; and, on the narrow basis of the clause we have quoted, a Government was erected, power was assumed to pass laws, to coin money, and to inflict capital punishment, and the Puritan form of worship was openly established, to the absolute and rigorous exclusion of every other religious body.

But there are many who would look leniently upon a little illegality, if the law had been defied in the cause of liberty—if the Puritan magistrates and elders had disregarded the authority of the Crown only to set up that of the people in its stead. This must have been the belief of the liberal writers who have extolled them as champions of freedom. It was very far, however, from being the truth. The Puritan rulers had twisted and perverted the charter in order to free themselves from English supervision; but they clung tenaciously to it, or rather to their own misconstruction of it, as the very key-stone of their power. The charter had provided a Board of Directors who were to be re-elected every year; and of course, when the Corporation migrated to America, this Board comprised the most eminent laymen of the Puritan body. The first step of these distinguished champions of liberty was to consign to oblivion the necessity for re-election, and to concentrate in themselves all the legislative, executive, and judicial functions of the State. The freemen of the Corporation resisted, and these pretensions had to be given up, so that the Directors were reduced to the position of a single estate in the legislative body. But to say that the freemen were wronged, and that they wrung back their rights from their unwilling masters, is to state a very small portion of the case against the Puritan Commonwealth. Who were these freemen? In 1676—nine years before the Court of King's Bench put an end to this golden age of liberty—they were one-sixth of the population. No one could be a freeman unless he became a member of the Puritan Church, and swore—for this was an indispensable condition of membership—to obey the Puritan elders. The remaining five-sixths who declined to enter that communion, or to stoop to such a yoke, had exactly as great a share of political freedom as the Greeks have in the Turkish Empire. Not only were they hopelessly deprived of the possibility, under any contingency, of joining in the election of their rulers, but they were excluded from all civil and judicial offices; and if a non-freeman's cause was tried, it was probably tried before men whose religion was hostile to his own.

So much for the zeal of the Puritan Fathers for political liberty. Had they any sounder title to be revered as confessors in the cause of religious liberty? About the same, we imagine, that a pickpocket has to be considered as an apostle of the principle of community of goods. They neither professed the principle of religious liberty nor acted upon it, except so far as their own interests could be served by doing so. The Puritan fled from his own country because the truth, as he held it, was persecuted; but no sooner did he set foot in America than he proceeded to persecute what he thought error in his turn. And his was not the mere negative persecution which refuses to admit the erring to offices of trust—it was the scourge, the dungeon, and the gibbet. And his sour cruelty was aggravated by the fact that it was wreaked on the most harmless of all victims. There have been sectaries—such as the Anabaptists and the Jesuits—whose religious errors took so secular a form, and bordered so nearly upon treason and rapine, that the most ardent advocate of toleration can scarcely complain of their exclusion from countries against whose laws they plotted. But the Puritans were not satisfied with such victims as

these. Their fury was mainly directed against the gentle but fanatical Quakers, who could not be charged with anything worse than absurdity. A very large number of them were whipped and imprisoned, and several were hanged. Nor were these isolated outbursts of ferocity. The Puritan theory of toleration was not one whit behind the practice:—

"There is no room in Christ's army for tolerationists," boldly declared Johnson, one of the earliest and the sturdiest in the Puritan pilgrimage. "Toleration," continued Cotton, "made the world Anti-Christian." "Polypity is the greatest impiety in the world," said the simple cobbler of Agawam. . . . "He that is willing to tolerate, will for a need hang God's Bible at the devil's girdle." And in like manner thundered President Oakes in 1673, "I look upon toleration as the first-born of all abominations." (p. 193.)

For one thing, and for one thing only, in short, do the Puritan pilgrims deserve praise. Although they knew nothing of civil or religious liberty, and would never have left their homes to gain them, they did what thousands have done, before and since, in every age and clime—having to choose between exile and apostasy, they abandoned their country and clung to their creed.

One other blot there is upon their career which has not escaped our author's eye. Their enterprise owed its origin to the zeal of English Churchmen for the conversion of the heathen. The charter on which they so much relied put this forward as "the principal end of the plantation;" and without this recommendation, the object was one which should have spontaneously commended itself to a community which gave so much prominence to religion. But "they deemed themselves commissioned like Joshua, to a work of blood;" and so they dealt with the red Indians as they would have dealt with Canaanites. One missionary, indeed, of apostolic zeal, the well-known Eliot, rose up amongst them; but he obtained from them neither followers nor funds, and when he died, his work died with him. But though they gave no help to missions, they were not wholly inactive in the matter of evangelization. They sought to Christianize the country by the simple expedient of slaughtering all who were not Christians. As has happened, and is happening with other Christian States, their deeds of blood preached against Christianity more loudly than words of mercy from the lips of a thousand missionaries could have preached in its favour. Their hand was not slack in doing the cruel work to which they imagined themselves commissioned. We select one out of the many tragedies by which their early annals were disgraced:—

The Pequods were now an isolated tribe, and coolly and deliberately the Puritan commonwealth hemmed them in on every side. Preparations were made, not for war, but for butchery. The soldiers were animated to a degree of ferocity by "the reverend ministers," and were encouraged to the utmost contempt of life by the assurance that, if any should fall in so good a work, it was "because earth's honours were too scant for them, and therefore the everlasting crown must be set upon their heads forthwith." The seal of the Puritan Church was set upon the expedition by the administration of the Holy Communion. Late in the spring, the campaign commenced; and, before the close of the summer, the Pequods were swept as by a whirlwind from the face of the earth.

All were destroyed, except a handful who had taken refuge in a swamp. They were summoned, in mockery, to make their peace by yielding up every one who had killed an Englishman. They refused—the swamp was surrounded—and a constant fire into it was maintained:—

The light of morning broke upon an awful scene. The Indians were discovered "sitting in heaps;" the old men, the squaws, and the pappoose close together. The warriors were dead, dying, or heart-broken. They fought no more. Nor did these shuddering groups of humanity ask for quarter or resist destruction. They received unmoved the shots of the Puritan troops, who surrounded the swamp, only twelve feet apart, whose pieces were "laden with ten or twelve pistol bullets at a time," and the muzzles of which were "put under the boughs within a few yards of them."

Many were massacred in this fashion—numbers were burnt in their rude fortresses—the women and children were sold into slavery—and the male adults taken prisoners were, to a man, beheaded. Such was the end of a tribe which, as a Puritan historian informs us, "had done Massachusetts no injury." Of course the victors then proceeded to offer up devout thanks for their triumph. Razzias of this energetic description were renewed from time to time, and the author sums up the result as follows:—

A system of religion which confessedly had an eye to the things of Cæsar, as well as to those of Heaven, in the short space of fifty years swept from New England one hundred thousand human beings. For these unhappy heathen souls, no Puritan historian, magistrate, or elder, then or since, has expressed a word of pity, or breathed a penitential prayer. Unregenerate, they were sent into the presence of their dread Judge, owing nothing to Christianity but steel, gunpowder and gin.

Though very recent events have taught us that the Anglo-Saxon mode of evangelization has not altered very much within the last two hundred years, still the Puritans seem to have had the advantage of us in one respect—there was no "factious coalition" to protest against such horrors.

ANTIQUITIES OF KERTCH.*

ALTHOUGH very little was known in England of the Crimea and its history before the commencement of the Russian war, there were a few antiquaries and archaeologists who were

* *Antiquities of Kertch, and Researches in the Cimmeric Bosphorus: with Remarks on the Ethnological and Physical History of the Crimea.* By Duncan M'Pherson, M.D., of the Madras Army. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1857.

aware that many curious remains of the ancient inhabitants of the peninsula might probably be found there. Dr. M'Pherson, chief of the medical staff of the Turkish Contingent, was requested, as a zealous antiquary, to prosecute all possible researches on this subject; and being armed with a special authority from General Vivian, under the sanction of Lord Panmure, he explored Kertch and its neighbourhood with great energy, and some success. The antiquities of this district are found almost exclusively in subterranean tombs, over which gigantic tumuli have been heaped up, and the nature of the soil makes the task of opening these mounds very laborious. The shaft sunk to reach the tomb is constantly filled up by the loose friable earth and rubbish which form the superstructure; and Dr. M'Pherson and his assistants found the difficulty and danger of the operation very much increased by the scanty supply of wood-work which was at their command. Frequently, too, at the end of days of unremitting toil, the tomb was only reached to show that it had been rifled of its contents centuries ago. Still, the perseverance of the explorers was rewarded, and many interesting relics were secured, the greater part of which are to be placed in the British Museum. Dr. M'Pherson has written an account of his labours, and given a full description of the construction of the tombs, and of the most important relics which he discovered. The volume is enriched with several large coloured lithographs by Mr. Kell, representing some of the more beautiful or curious works of art, ornaments, or domestic utensils, found in the tombs. These lithographs are carefully drawn, and the colouring is excellent. We may especially mention two plates as well worth looking at—one representing some glass vases from what Dr. M'Pherson calls the "Varangian Tombs," and the other, a group of Greek vases, Byzantine lamps, and beads. The whole volume is got up with great care and taste, and forms one of the handsomest works that have recently issued from the English press.

We have no means of knowing at how early a period of history the first Greek wanderers made a permanent settlement on the inhospitable shores of the Tauric Chersonnese. But we know that, at a date considerably before the Persian war, there were two Greek colonies at the two extremities of the peninsula—that on the eastern coast being Panticapæum, an offshoot of the Ionic Miletus, and that on the western being Cherson, founded by the Dorians of Heraclea. Panticapæum, close to which is situated the modern town of Kertch, was long the metropolis of a petty tyranny—the sovereigns being Ionic Greeks, and the subjects consisting partly of Greek settlers, and partly of Scythian aborigines. The Bosphorians—as the people were called, from their territory extending on both sides of the strait which separates the Euxine from the Sea of Azoff—were enabled, by the advantage of their geographical position, to command the greater part of the commerce of the Black Sea, and exported grain in large quantities to Athens. Panticapæum was thus a wealthy and important place, and was in a sufficiently close connexion with Greece to account for the various treasures stored in the tombs. The succession of Greek princes was unbroken until the time of Mithridates, when the Bosphorians were so hard pressed by the barbarians in their rear that their sovereign placed his country under the protection and government of Mithridates himself. On his downfall, the Chersonnese passed into the hands of Rome, and Panticapæum was governed by a succession of despots, nominated by the Roman Senate and Emperors, until, in the year 340 of the Christian era, it was captured and held by the Alans. Thus, for a thousand years, to speak in round numbers, Panticapæum had a connected and continuous existence, enjoyed a regular government, and was enriched by the steady current of a considerable trade. Its great peculiarity was that it was neither a purely Greek nor a purely barbarous town. It was a Greek town subjected to very powerful barbarian influences; and it is the combination of Scythian with Greek characteristics that gives their chief interest to the relics discovered by Dr. M'Pherson. Even in the writers of classical Greece we find many traces of the great susceptibility of the Greeks to impressions derived from the customs and manners of foreign nations. In the antiquities of Kertch we see how powerfully the colonists of Panticapæum were acted on by the traditions and usages of the Scythians. The mode of honouring the dead, the manner of burial, the warlike implements, and many of the ornaments are Scythian; but the works of art, the designs, and the decoration are Greek.

Herodotus has told us how the Scythian kings were buried. A deep square fosse was dug, in which, stretched on a bed of grass, was placed the embalmed body of the monarch; and in the vacant space left around his body, were laid one of the king's concubines, strangled for the purpose, his cup-bearer, his cook, his groom, his page, and the gold cups and utensils of his household—fifty of his slaves were piled on the top—and then an immense mound was heaped up over all. This is an exact description of what is found in the tombs of Kertch, except that the Greeks, in adopting the Scythian manner of burial, did not place their deceased princes or magistrates in a deep square fosse, but formed a tomb of stone, and over this heaped the conical mound. Before the late war commenced, the Russian Government had ordered excavations to be made, and some of the more important tumuli had been opened. The walls of one tomb were found to be covered with paintings. The style is said to have been Greek, but to have borne the reflex of the art prevailing in Rome.

at the c
whole or
singular
occupied
and divid
body of a
a mitre o
festoons
and arab
images of
the Cost
of fine p
sarcophag
the furni
deceased
his feet
dently of
snot still
Amphoro
and lastl
king's w
electrum
costume,
magnific
was stre
of a hor
contents
the stran
quities.
element
be that o
the frien
Witho
satisfact
more tha
relics. A
Dr. M'P
trates th
aided by
are enab
and inst
careful
even tho
special in
be pleas
and to g

WE h
th
pieces w
It is tru
nonsense
Still he
least som
his work
pearls of
of a mau
Most
not all,
author j
them is
society
no inclin
that ver
written,
phesy th
sickenin
The task
once mor
long ago
are, we c
circle; a
wise eno
to those
only allu
shield o
First,
which d
which h
English

at the commencement of the Christian era. In another, the whole order and apparatus of the funeral were discovered with singular completeness. The floor of the dome-shaped tomb was occupied by a sarcophagus of yew-wood, formed of thick beams, and divided into two compartments. In one of these was the body of a man of large stature. On his brow were the remains of a mitre or Persian cap, having two plates of gold ornamented with festoons and griffins (the emblems of Panticapæum), with leaves and arabesques attached. In the other compartment were placed images of the gods and the arms of the king, an iron sword, the Cossack whip adorned with a leaf of gold, and a shield of fine gold the thickness of a five-franc piece. Around the sarcophagus on the pavement, were the objects which complete the furniture of the tomb. Everything was provided that the deceased would be likely to find useful in another world. At his feet stood three large caldrons of bronze, which had evidently often been used for cooking, as there was a thick coat of soot still on them, and the interior was filled with mutton bones. *Amphoræ* and *crateres*, lances and arrows, were all within reach; and lastly, placed also on the pavement, was the skeleton of the king's wife, with a mitre on her forehead, terminating in a plate of electrum ornamented with a group of four women in Greek costume, sitting in the midst of garlands of lotus flowers, and with a magnificent vase of electrum at her feet. One of the king's slaves was stretched across the tomb, and close to him were the bones of a horse. We might add many details of the tomb and its contents, but what we have said is sufficient, perhaps, to indicate the strange mixture of the Greek and the Scythian in these antiquities. On the whole, we should certainly say that the Scythian element largely predominates; and yet this tomb is supposed to be that of Leucon, one of the rulers of Panticapæum, noted for the friendly relations which he maintained with Athens.

Without actually seeing the specimens, or accurate and satisfactory representations of them, it is hardly possible to do more than to apprehend the distinctive peculiarity of any set of relics. It would be useless, therefore, for us to attempt to follow Dr. McPherson into the numerous minutiae by which he illustrates the mixed character of the antiquities of Kertch. But, aided by the excellent lithographs inserted in this volume, we are enabled to pursue the subject into very many interesting and instructive particulars. It is a volume which deserves the careful attention of every student of classical antiquity; and even those who have no special knowledge of Greek art, and no special interest in the history of Greek colonies, cannot fail to be pleased with a volume which has so much to attract the eye and to gratify the love of beauty and elegance in design.

FABER'S POEMS.*

WE have a certain kindness for Mr. Faber. It is true that in the whole of this rather bulky volume there are very few pieces which can be said to be even tolerably good throughout. It is true that many of his poems which begin well end in mere nonsense, and that "weakness" is written on every page. Still he is a man who, if he has thrown away his talents, had at least some talents to throw away; and every now and then, in his works, lines of real beauty meet us—true pearls, if not pearls of great price, amidst the pinchbeck and German silver of a maudlin theology.

Most of the poems which are republished in this volume, if not all, first saw the light a good many years ago, before their author joined the Church of Rome—though the tone of many of them is sufficiently in accordance with that which prevails in the society of which he is now a member. We have, however, no inclination to dwell upon Mr. Faber's religious views. When that very curious chapter in the annals of England comes to be written, "The Oxford movement of 1833," we venture to prophesy that the work before us, with all its merits, and all its sickening folly, will furnish much useful matter for the historian. The task which we propose to ourselves is one which will be at once more useful to our readers and pleasanter to us. Chance long ago made us acquainted with Mr. Faber's writings, which are, we conceive, almost unknown beyond the limits of a small circle; and we now mean to point the attention of those who are wise enough to care for small pleasures, when they can get them, to those passages in this volume which are worth turning to—only alluding from time to time to its obvious defects, in order to shield ourselves from the charge of over-praising it.

First, then, we may mention a number of scattered pieces which describe many of those scenes on the Continent of Europe which have now become a part of education to thousands of Englishmen. Here is a specimen:—

I am where snowy mountains round me shine;
But in sweet vision truer than mine eyes
I see pale Genoa's marble crescent rise
Between the water and the Apennine.
On the sea-bank she couches like a deer—
A creature giving light with her soft sheen,
While the blue ocean and the mountain green,
Pleased with the wonder, always gaze on her.
And day and night the mild sea-murmur fills
The corridors of her cool palaces,
Taking the freshness from the orange-trees,
A fragrant gift, into the peaceful hills.

Like, but not perhaps equal, to this poem—of which, however, the middle and end are inferior to the commencement—are "Therapia" and the "Euxine Sea," which immediately follow it. The sonnet on the Mediterranean, although its feeling is morbid, is certainly more than pleasing; and so are many of the little bits of description in the poem which is rather unluckily named "Carl Ritter."

Another set of pieces, which will appeal to a less numerous, though still to a large class, are those which relate to university life, and to the scenery round Oxford. Many of them have somewhat of the same sort of charm as the numerous allusions to Oxford and its neighbourhood in the *Life of Arnold*. "Oxford in Winter" is one of the best of these poems; and there are many striking expressions and lines in the "Beginning of Term," "To a Lake Party," and in the longer and, on the whole, tiresome and maudering verses, called "The Cherwell." The best as a whole is, we think, the following sonnet:—

I have known cities with the strong-armed Rhine
Clasping their mouldered quays in lordly sweep;
And lingered where the Maine's low waters shine
Through Tyrian Frankfort; and been fain to weep
Mid the green cliffs where pale Mosella laves
That Roman sepulchre, imperial Treves.
Ghent boasts her street, and Bruges her moonlight square;
And holy Mechlin, Rome of Flanders, stands,
Like a queen-mother, on her spacious lands;
And Antwerp shoots her glowing spire in air.
Yet have I seen no place, by inland brook,
Hill-top, or plain, or trim arched bowers,
That carries age so nobly in its look,
As Oxford with the sun upon her towers.

Compared with many of the poems which are now-a-days given to the world, this seems to us exceedingly good, and worthy of a larger number of readers than it has yet obtained.

Some of the changes which altered circumstances have brought about in Mr. Faber's productions are amusing enough. In the rather remarkable lines called "King's Bridge," we read, in the edition of 1840—

Why should I think of my boyhood's bride,
As I walk by this low-voiced river's side?

In the edition of 1857, a *p* has superseded the *b* in the last word of the first line. The changes throughout this piece are altogether highly edifying. One is decidedly for the better. The end of the fifth verse, as it stood in the edition of 1840, looked like the work of a man in a brain fever. It has been translated into lines which, if they are indifferent, are at least intelligible. We looked with some curiosity to see if the poem called "England's Trust," beginning—

I joy that the days are dark and dreary,
I joy that the earth is old,
That the hands of our priests are weak and weary,
And the hearts of our nobles cold—

was still preserved. It does not appear in this edition. With what feelings must its author now read it! When first written, it reflected the bounding energy of youth, engaged in what seemed a struggle for true liberty, though it was only a restless striving after servitude. The Oxford movement was then in the flush of success. A very large portion of the intellect of the university had more or less thrown itself into it. How strange this poem must seem to the writer now, when he has become a mere wheel in a machine—when, if he has any aspirations after individual freedom left, he must have begun to realize the grim truth of what a recent German writer says when accounting for Leo's continuance in the ranks of Protestantism:—

He knows full well that undisciplined bustling about must come to an end when the short, tight chain of Rome is fastened on the intellect; that it is all over then with "fresh joyous warfare," and with the bold and startling word; that the Catholic Church understands well how to make a silent man out of the haughtiest of her converts.

Nothing is further from our intention than to say anything that may pain Mr. Faber, and we are sure he will not be pained by our view of the matter. The very magnitude of our disagreement will prevent this. What we call weakness, he believes to be spirituality; and he is, we doubt not, as happy in following that impulse in his nature which bade him bow down to the pretensions of Rome, as some of his contemporaries have been in allowing their mediæval fancies to pass away with the other dreams of that unhealthy period of human existence which lies between boyhood and maturity.

The larger poems, such as "The Styrian Lake," "Prince Amadis," and "The Mourner's Dream," are not good for much. There is a tone of amiability about them, and there are very pretty single lines and short passages; but, on the whole, they are sadly flat. Sometimes, indeed, they err in the other way, and are altogether preposterous. From time to time Mr. Faber throws the reins upon the necks of his twin steeds, Rhyme and Fancy, and lets them carry his chariot exactly whither they please. Surely, the following stanzas are very mad indeed:—

We are plants, we are beasts, we are metals, and earth,
And the life of the stars too went in us at birth;
We are all things in one thing; life's manifold flame
Chaos gave us, when out of its bosom we came.
So now in Prince Amadis, down in his being,
The plant to the plant-life was evermore fleeing,
The beasts to the beast-life; star, metal, and gem,
Paired off with the inner life suited to them.

As a whole, perhaps "Carl Ritter" is the best of the large poems. There is just one other class of Mr. Faber's composi-

* Poems. By the Very Rev. F. W. Faber. Second Edition. London: Richardson. 1857.

tions to which we shall allude at any length, that, namely, which includes those which relate to classical subjects. There are very few of them, and they are by no means without merit; but if any one wishes to see how strangely at variance with all healthy forms of Christianity are the views inculcated by an author who, as he tells us in his preface, "hopes that with many of his readers, especially the young, his poems will in their place and degree co-operate with those more serious and religious works which the public has received with so much kindness," let him turn to the sonnet on "Nicias," in page 270:—

Nursling of heathen fear! thy woful being
Was steeped in gentleness by long disease,
Though round thine awe-struck mind were ever fleeing
Omens, and signs, and direful presages.
One might believe, in frames so gently stern,
Some Christian thoughts before their time did burn.

Students of Thucydides and Grote will appreciate this most terribly left-handed compliment to the religion which Mr. Faber professes to teach.

The sonnet written in "Conway Castle," another called "Past Friends," and some lines under the heading "Green Bank" are old favourites of ours; and so is the sonnet which forms a preface to the whole volume, and the one addressed to the reader at p. 466.

Mr. Faber's merits are his own, and so are some of his faults, but not all nor most of them. He is, like so many others, the victim of our English system of exclusively classical education. Deprive a boy of quick affections and ardent imagination, tempered by devotional feeling, of all healthy mental nourishment—bring him up on Latin verses and Greek iambics, cultivating only his taste, his imagination, and the habit of verbal accuracy—and it is, as the Scotch say, rather "good luck than good guiding," if he escapes a pretty smart fit of that kind of malaria fever which has conducted the author of the work before us into the hospital of St. Philip Neri. Those who would save their children from the risk of such an inconvenience should guard against it, not by instilling into their minds the precepts of a violently opposed system of theology—a course which daily experience shows to be very apt to produce exactly the results which are least wished for—but by giving them varied and healthy tastes, by quickening that interest in nature which most young people feel, and by leading them gradually to take broad views of literature, of history, and of politics. They may then reasonably hope that their sons will not take to wandering amongst the *apices* of theology before they are able to see their way.

ANNALS OF ENGLAND.*

WE have much pleasure in calling the attention of historical students, and still more of historical teachers, to this useful and unpretending little book. It goes to the root of the two great evils which constantly beset readers of English history—the habit of studying everything second-hand, and the comparative neglect of chronology. Very few people ever think of looking at an old chronicle or an old Act of Parliament. Still fewer have any notion when the old chroniclers lived, and whether one is more credible than another. Till about the sixteenth century, people are content simply to remember the most exciting stories about the personages of English history, true or false, as may happen, but with a profound indifference to their truth or falsehood. Alfred is the King who forgot to turn the cakes—Canute the King whom the waves disobeyed—Henry the Second is best known as the lover of Fair Rosamond—and the fame of Margaret of Anjou rests upon her meeting a robber in a wood. With the sixteenth century we are transported from the region of legends into that of controversies. Things are believed or disbelieved, not because they are true or false, but because they fall in with political or theological prejudices. A grave judge has gone so far as to marvel at, if not to censure, a counsel for doubting the infallibility of Archbishop Cranmer, though we know of no statute or canon which binds us to greater reverence for that prelate's sentiments than for those of Archbishop Becket on the one side, or of Archbishop Sumner on the other. Discreet parents, examining the historical food prepared for their children, inquire, not whether the statements are accurate and the English good, but whether the orthodox view is taken about Bloody Mary and Good Queen Bess, about the Royal Martyr and the Great Rebellion, about the Glorious Revolution or the Massacre of Glencoe. Then, again, most people pay very little regard to the chronology of the events they read about. They know, at most, when each king came to the throne and died—that is surely enough. Few persons, for instance, realize how completely the events by which Henry the Eighth is best known were crowded into the latter years of his long reign, and in how different a character he appeared to his contemporaries during the greater portion of it. Above all, even very grave people are content to believe and to teach others that English history, or its profitable portion, begins just at the moment when, for about a century and a half, there almost ceases to be any strictly English history. When the University of Oxford commences

its English course in 1866, it is no wonder if mankind in general cannot get beyond—

William the Conqueror long did reign.

A story or two about Alfred and Edgar may be repeated; but how England became England is confessedly not worth examining.

Four points, then, we should insist upon in any general History of England, great or small, whether addressed to children or to philosophers. It should give due prominence to the early history—it should be directly grounded on original authorities—it should pay strict attention to chronology—and it should be as impartial as human frailty will allow. Taking in this last proviso, we think we may pronounce ourselves quite satisfied with the book before us on the first three heads, and not greatly dissatisfied on the fourth.

The scheme of the work is expressed by its title—that of *Annals*. It gives a chronological summary of events under their respective years, with frequent reference to original authorities, especially to Acts of Parliament—interspersed, at the commencement of different reigns, and at other convenient breaks, with more general comments on the several periods of the history. The Appendix contains an account of the early chroniclers, an alphabetical index to the principal enactments on the Statute-book, various "notes and illustrations," and a full index to the whole. It is of course not the sort of book to read straight through; but, where we have tested it, we have found it as accurate and sensible in detail as it certainly is judicious in plan. We think our author is as impartial as any author is likely to be, though there is a decided royalist and ecclesiastical tinge thrown over the latter part of the book. But it is probably impossible to write a narrative of the Stuart period without some tinge or other, and we do not find that our annalist ever allows his opinions to colour his statement of facts. He clearly does not admire William the Third; but perhaps, after the volumes of Mr. Macaulay, it may be as well to hear the other side. Certainly the Glencoe story, when viewed apart from Mr. Macaulay's rhetoric, has a very ugly look; and though we should not be disposed to be over-severe on individual errors in a very profligate age, we cannot quite understand the morality which talks like an old maid about the conjugal infidelities of Charles and James, and almost sees a virtue in the conjugal infidelities of William.

But the most curious thing about our annalist is his leaning to the House of York, which is far more marked than his leaning to the Stuarts. Here, again, he does not let his principles hurry him into misstatements of fact. He sets forth the cruelties and debaucheries of Edward the Fourth with sufficient plainness, but he has a deep feeling on the Yorkist side on the score of hereditary right. The question is one of some difficulty, though from a different point of view from that of our annalist. As a mere matter of hereditary succession, the rights of the House of York were incontestable. So were those of the House of Stuart. As a matter of Parliamentary settlement, however, nothing could be plainer than the rights of Lancaster and Hanover respectively. Add to this that the Pretender never swore allegiance to King George, while Richard Duke of York had undoubtedly sworn allegiance to King Henry, and had for years patiently submitted to his Government; and moreover, the *sentiment* of a native race expelled by foreigners, which pleaded so strongly for the Stuarts, could not be pleaded for the Yorkists. Abstractedly, then, we should see in the Yorkist movement one of the most purely selfish and purely perfidious rebellions on record; yet it is clear that, in some way or other, the cause of York was the cause of progress. The cities were for it, while the House of Lancaster seems to have been more closely allied with the nobility and clergy. It could not have been on purely legitimist grounds that the Yorkists were enabled to take this position. Of course, both under them and the Tudors, the immediate result was the increased power of the Crown; for the Commons were not yet strong enough to take the place of the feudal nobility which the Wars of the Roses extirpated. Our annalist also stands up to a great extent for Richard the Third, and is strongly inclined to believe in Perkin Warbeck. Richard, no doubt, was a good legislator, and would have made a good King, could he have come lawfully to a kingdom. In Perkin—or, as the author calls him, Richard—we really cannot bring ourselves to believe.

The book strikes us as being most useful as a handbook for teachers. It is just the sort of help for a tutor to have lying by him as a guide to his lecture. The main facts he will find marshalled in strict chronological order, and he will be assisted by references to the statute-book and the old chronicles. The *Annals* will, in short, supply the dry bones of an historical lecture, which each teacher must clothe for himself with life and spirit. But the work will also be highly useful to students, especially for the purpose of refreshing the memory and getting details into order, after the perusal of more regular narratives. We trust to see it extensively employed in the Universities. At Oxford it may be especially serviceable. A reliable guide to the original authorities, and one which gives its proper prominence to the early history, may, if it falls into the hands of either students or teachers, do something to dispel the illusion that English history can be profitably studied by beginning at the momentary overthrow of English nationality, and that, after all the labours of Turner, Lingard, Palgrave, Kemble, Lappenberg, and Pauli, David Hume still remains the one correct, orthodox, and unapproachable text-book for its study.

* *The Annals of England: An Epitome of English History, from Contemporary Writers, the Rolls of Parliament, and other Public Records.* Oxford and London: J. H. and J. Parker.

THE DAYS OF MY LIFE.*

MOST novels are tales of love—this is a tale of hatred; and that not of a romantic or melodramatic kind of hatred, but of the domestic broils of husbands and wives. It is a novel of the didactic order, as completely as any of Miss Edgeworth's—its object being to depict the misery which results from the indulgence of vindictive pride. It might almost have been headed with a text, and published by the Religious Tract Society, so rigorously are all the incidents and personages subordinated to the purpose of illustrating this moral. Of course we do not object to this. The book is written with great pathos and power, and with deep religious feeling; and so far as any mere writing can grapple with the master sin of the fallen Archangel, it may aid in doing so. But, looking at it from an artistic, and not a religious point of view, the composition is unavoidably injured by this benevolent aim. The principal *dramatis personæ* cease to be human beings—they become incarnations of qualities. There is a gentleman who is an incarnation of stoical pride; and he has a daughter, who is an incarnation of vindictive pride; and there is another young lady, who is the ideal of angelic simplicity and lovingness, and whose example furnishes the pattern by which the vindictive lady learns to amend her life in time for the universal reconciliation with which the novel, as a matter of course, concludes.

Instead of being divided into chapters, the book is divided into days—each chapter being, in effect, the description of a day in the life of the heroine. The concentration of incidents required to carry out this arrangement gives another shock to the *verisemblance* of the story; but, on the other hand, it gives a dramatic unity to the plot, and brings out much more strongly upon the canvas the outlines of the few characters to whose history it is thus necessarily confined.

Mr. Southcote—so runs the tale—is a landowner of old family in Cambridgeshire. He had married, early in life, a lady whom both he and his elder brother had sought. On her choosing him, the elder brother left the country and died abroad; but Mr. Southcote chose to take it into his head that she had married him for pity, and so his proud, stoical nature shut itself up, and refused to reciprocate her affection, until she died of a broken heart. But the elder brother, before his death, had married abroad; and the story opens at the moment when this elder brother's son, Edgar by name, returns to England to claim the property which Mr. Southcote is ignorantly enjoying as his own. Mr. Southcote is compelled to give it up, and removes to a small house in Cambridge. By way of making up the loss, Edgar proposes for the hand of his daughter Hester, the heroine of this autobiography; but the young lady, quite as stoutly encased in the proud contempt for pity which has already wrecked her father's happiness and killed her mother, rejects the offer with disdain. Years pass on. Edgar comes up to Cambridge as an undergraduate, and is introduced under a false name to Hester by Mr. Osborne, a College Don, who is an old friend of her father's, and who, not being able to understand her proud punctions, thinks that a match between the first cousins would be a very good way of restoring her to her old position. Not recognising Edgar, Hester, who has been brought up in perfect solitude, falls in love with him with the most obliging rapidity; and she marries him, still in ignorance that the name which he bears is fictitious, and that he is the Edgar Southcote whom she never thinks of without contempt. The delusion lasts through the honeymoon, and is only dissipated when he brings her to his home, and she finds that it is the one in which she was brought up. The scene which follows is powerfully written, but we trust that it is a libel on brides of a month's standing. Even later on in married life it would scarcely be intelligible:—

Home!—the great hall door stood open—the moon came out from behind a cloud to throw a momentary gleam upon the house. Home! I thrust him away, and sprang to the ground without his aid. He stood where I had left him, drawing back, following me with his eyes, and pale as marble. I stood alone gazing up at the sculptured emblems upon the door. In a moment, in a flood of despair and bitterness, the truth rushed upon me. I had been trapped and betrayed—deceived like a fool—and every one had known the more but I. I saw it all at a glance—I was his wife—his wife! and he had brought me home.

I did not take off my bonnet—I stood in the glow of the firelight, turning my face to him as he came eagerly up to me. I stopped him as he began to speak. "There is no need—no need!" said I, "I see your mystery—pray do not speak to me—do not drive me mad to-night."

He turned away, clasping his hands with a passionate exclamation—then he came back: "I deserve your reproaches, Hester, do not spare them! but think what you said to me not half-an-hour ago—you are my wife."

"Your wife—your wife—yes! there is the sting," I said with a wild outburst; "his wife, and it is for ever!"

He went away blindly from me to the other end of the room, and threw himself down in a chair. I saw his suffering, but it did not move me. I thought of nothing but my own wrong—a hard, cold, desperate indifference to every one else seemed to come upon me. I saw myself tricked, cheated, despised. Mr. Osborne, Alice, my father—strange and impossible though the conjunction was—I almost thought I saw them altogether, smiling at me. I could have gnashed my teeth when I thought how conscious every one else was—how miserably blind was I. I could have thrown myself on the floor and dashed my hot brow against the hearth—his hearth—his home—his household sanctuary. But I rejected and hated it—it was not mine.

Yes! I was in Cottiwoode. I was Edgar Southcote's wife; at this thought

my heart burned. I cannot express the fiery glow of pain which overpowered me by any other words. Since I entered this fatal house, I seemed to have lost sight of Harry. Harry, my tender wooer, my loving bridegroom, the nearest and dearest of all who were near and dear to me, had disappeared like a dream. In his place stood my scorned and rejected cousin, whose compassion had sought me out to make amends to me for a lost inheritance. A hundred circumstances came upon my mind now to direct suspicion to him; his desire to take my name—oh! heaven protect us! my name! it was no suggestion of his love—it was a mean and paltry lie! And he had succeeded—there was the sting—and my father's words came back upon me with a strange significance, but only to place my father among the other conspirators against my peace. The bond of our marriage lay upon our hearts and souls; for ever and for ever—for ever and for ever; not even in thought or for a moment could I deliver myself from this bondage—even when I died I would belong to him—and the very name upon my gravestone would be that of Edgar Southcote's wife.

In this amiable temper she remains, and nothing will soften her resentment. Before long her father dies. She attends him on his death-bed, and follows his funeral; but neither the sorrow of her bereavement, nor the representations of Mr. Osborne, nor the prayers of her nurse, Alice, who is the confidante of all her griefs (and one of the best-drawn characters in the book), can induce her to forgive her husband for the heinous offence of having tricked her into a wealthy inheritance. At last she finds her home intolerable, and runs away in company with Alice. They settle themselves down at a seaside place in Essex, and there in solitude she nurses her bitterness. At last her husband finds her out, and tries to induce her to return. We fear such long-suffering husbands are almost as rare as such vindictive brides. However, she is still obdurate, and forces him to leave her. At this stage of the proceedings the reader begins to be in despair; for it does not appear by what possible means the young wife can be persuaded into abandoning such a very abnormal subject of resentment. However, in due time the *Deus ex machina* appears in the shape of a baby. The authoress is evidently at home in her description of the charms of babyhood; and she dilates on the maternal raptures of her heroine with a sympathy, a minuteness, and a gusto, which we suspect will be acceptable only to a very small fraction of her readers. Novelists can never safely depart from the prescriptive wisdom of their craft. Their instincts have taught them to expatiate on the raptures of lovers, but to steer very clear of the ecstasies of maternity; for the novel-reading public appear to be agreed that young ladies and young gentlemen are pleasant objects of contemplation, but there is no such *consensus* on the subject of babies. However, after the authoress has described at sufficient length how the heroine doted upon her baby, the baby is made to fall ill; and while he hangs between life and death, the conversion of the young mother takes place. The authoress describes with great force her gradual recognition of the guilt of her vindictiveness, and her abandonment of it in the agony of her petitions for relief. The baby recovers—the heroine goes home and begs pardon—and everybody ends by being happy.

The accessories of the picture are not numerous; but as they are not wanted to work out the moral, the authoress feels herself at liberty to be truthful in portraying them—always excepting the angelic young lady we have mentioned above, who is merely introduced as a foil to the heroine's wickedness, and who is as purely an ideal as the little boy in the nursery stories, who always does as mamma bids him, and never dirties his pinafore. But some of the others are very good. Of the nurse we have already spoken; and there is an admirable old maid, the district visitor of her brother's parish, indefatigable in doing good, but withal hard-tongued, vulgar, and morally thick-skinned. In male characters the authoress is, naturally, not so fortunate. A Tractarian rector wants individuality—he is scarcely more than the figure we are familiar with in Mr. Conybeare's well-known article; and his brother, a roguish attorney, is coarse and overdone. There are none of the university peculiarities about Mr. Osborne, the College Don. The authoress is evidently unacquainted with that well-marked variety of the human species. The pompous air of authority derived from the constant homage of meek undergraduates, the cloistered simplicity, ashamed of itself, and aping the talk of men of the world, were features too unmistakeable in the College Don of the old school, such as he was at the date of this story, for her ready pen to have missed them, had she been conversant with that type of character.

The story derives great additional interest from the authoress's striking power of bringing localities, scenery, and forms, forcibly before the mind. On the Cambridge scenery it is her special pleasure to dwell. "The flat, hedgeless high roads, the wide, wide, indescribable distance, the unfeathered outline, the long lines converging into the infinite sky," which she describes *con amore* again and again, must have been before her when she wrote. But the principal charm and peculiarity of her manner is her close analysis of currents of thought, and of the discordant ingredients of which all strong emotions are made up. Page after page is occupied with the heroine's self-dissections; and they are performed with a patience and a skill which show the authoress to be well trained in this practice, so painful to the performer, but so strangely interesting to the spectators. Probably this power is closely connected with the taste for eccentric and incredible forms of evil, which is the fatal defect of the book. Adepts in moral dissection generally have a stronger taste for morbid than for healthy anatomy. In conclusion, we must ex-

* *The Days of my Life. An Autobiography.* By the Author of "Margaret Maitland," "Lilliesleaf," &c. 3 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett, 1857.

press our regret that the authoress has been unable to restrain herself from sundry back-hand raps at altar-cloths and asceticism. Surely the religious lesson she was giving was too lofty, the truths she was inculcating were too pure and too simple, to endure "improving" for the purposes of such small sectarianism as this.

NOTICE.

The publication of the "SATURDAY REVIEW" takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-Agent, on the day of publication.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

WANTED, A FEW COPIES OF No. I. OF THE "SATURDAY REVIEW," FOR WHICH ONE SHILLING EACH WILL BE GIVEN, by
HENRY APPELBYARD News-Agent, &c., 1, Duke-street, Adelphi.

ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY.—Notice is hereby given, that this Company has returned to its Offices, which have been rebuilt, No. 29, LOMBARD-STREET, at the Corner of Clement's-lane. Offices in Liverpool—ROYAL INSURANCE-BUILDINGS, North John-street, and Dale-street.

FIRE BRANCH.—The Fire premium in 1856 amounted to about £150,000, placing the Company among the very largest offices in the kingdom; indeed, it is believed that there are only three or four offices which equal it in Fire revenue. Insurances are received upon nearly all descriptions of property in the United Kingdom, the Colonies, and most Foreign Countries; the rates of premium are exceedingly moderate, and governed in each case by a careful consideration of the risk proposed.

LIFE BRANCH.—The Life revenue during the past year amounted to about £30,000, the new premiums alone exceeding £10,000. A bonus was declared in 1854 of £2 per cent. per annum on the sum assured, averaging about 80 per cent. of the premiums paid, being one of the largest ever declared. All the insurances effected during the present year will participate in the next bonus in 1859.

The paid-up and invested capital, including life funds, amounts to nearly half a million sterling.

PERCY M. DOVE, Manager.

JOHN B. JOHNSTON, Secretary to the London Board.

ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION, for the Relief of Decayed Artists, their Widows, and Orphans, Instituted 1814 Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1842.

Under the immediate protection of Her Most Gracious Majesty THE QUEEN.

PATRON—His Royal Highness PRINCE ALBERT, K.G.

PRESIDENT—Sir CHARLES LOCK EASTLAKE, P.R.A.

The nobility, friends, and subscribers are respectfully informed that the FORTY-SECOND ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL will be celebrated in the Freemasons' Hall, on SATURDAY next, the 4th of APRIL.

The Right Hon. Lord DUFFERIN in the Chair.

STEWARDS:—

Jacob Bell, Esq.	William Gale, Esq.	Thomas M'Lean, Esq.
John Bell, Esq.	Henry Graves, Esq.	Henry Moseley, Esq.
Thomas Brooks, Esq.	Carl Haag, Esq.	Frederick R. Pickersgill, Esq.
Thomas Smith Cape, Esq.	Robert Hudson, Esq.	Esq. A.R.A.
Dominic Colnaghi, Esq.	F. W. Hulme, Esq.	George Smith, Esq.
Professor T. H. Donaldson, Esq.	Edward J. Anson, Esq.	Richard James Spiers, Esq.
Alexander Duncan, Esq.	James Lahee, Esq.	Esq., Alderman of Oxford.
Alfred Elmore, Esq., A.R.A.	W. Leighton Leith, Esq.	Henry Twining, Esq.
Henry Farrer, Esq.	Charles R. Leslie, Esq., B.A.	
Wm. E. Frost, Esq., A.R.A.	Arthur J. Lewis, Esq.	

Dinner on table at 6 precisely.

Tickets, £1 is. each, to be had of the Stewards; of Henry Wyndham Phillips, Esq. Honorary Secretary, 5, George-street, Hanover-square; and of the Assistant-Secretary 19, Great Cornam-street, Russell-square.

WILLIAM JOHN ROPER, Assistant-Secretary.

MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE.

SCOTTISH PROVIDENT INSTITUTION. The NINETEENTH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Contributors to this Society was held in the Waterloo Rooms, Edinburgh, on the 15th February. On the motion of Professor More,

ROBERT HUNTER, Esq., Sheriff of Dunbarton and Bute, was called to the Chair. The Chairman alluded to the peculiar principles and advantages of the Institution, to its increasing success, as evidenced in the gratifying report subjoined, and referring to the different agencies, spoke of London as follows:

"When I had the honour of addressing you from this chair, thirteen years ago, I spoke with diffidence of the expediency of establishing a branch in London, but hinted that it might eventually be effected. It has been effected, and with eminent success. Notwithstanding early difficulties and serious competition, we have, by perseverance, guided and enforced by assiduous and skilful local administration, succeeded in acquiring public confidence and favour, shown by the number of our members from every class, and by the amount of the sums assured. We know that the members have a zealous desire to promote our welfare, and we confidently anticipate that we shall not only retain the position which we have gained in the metropolis, but that our advance there will in a few years afford one of the most honourable and lucrative tests of the soundness of our principles, and the prudence of our practice."

REPORT BY THE DIRECTORS.

The report which the Directors have now the pleasure of submitting, presents a very satisfactory view of the progress of the Institution; the new business during the year being considerably in advance of that of either of the two last years.

The new proposals accepted have been 680 in number, assuring capital sums to the amount of £325,965. The yearly premiums on the new business amount to £9274 7s. 4d.; and a further sum of £6735 5s. 4d. has been received for assurances by single payment, and for annuities contracted for in the year. The gross amount of premiums received was £38,979 1s. 4d., and, including interest on the accumulated fund, the income of the year was £108,222 3s. 7d.

The claims on account of policies which have emerged during the year, by the death of 69 members, amounted to £36,300 7s., being considerably under the amount in the preceding year.

At the close of the year there had been issued in all 8424 policies, assuring £2,745,630, besides annuities and miscellaneous transactions. The subsisting assurances were £2,911,522 3s., and the net yearly premiums corresponding to the £2,724,000, 2d. The realized fund arising from accumulated premiums was at 31st December last £445,347 4s. 7d., and the revenue from premiums and interest £98,763 10s. 2d.

The report having been unanimously approved of, thanks were voted to the directors, auditors, trustees, and office-bearers.

Full copies of the Report and of the Proceedings at the Nineteenth Annual General Meeting may now be obtained (free) on application to the Head Office in Edinburgh; at any of the Society's agents; or at the London Branch, 66, Gracechurch-street.

JAMES WATSON, Manager.

GEORGE GRANT, Resident Secretary.

LAW LIFE ASSURANCE OFFICE, FLEET STREET,

LONDON, 2nd MARCH, 1857.
NOTICE is hereby given, that the Books for the Transfer of Shares in this Society were closed on THURSDAY, the 19th instant, and will be reopened on WEDNESDAY, the 8th day of APRIL next. The Dividends for the year 1856 will be payable on and after MONDAY, the 6th day of APRIL next.

By order of the Directors, WILLIAM SAMUEL DOWNS, Actuary.

THE TWENTY-THIRD ANNUAL REPORT of the MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, together with the Cash ACCOUNT and BALANCE SHEET for the year 1856, showing the State of the Society's affairs on the 31st of December last, as presented to the General Meeting on the 16th of February, 1857, will be delivered on a written or personal application to the Actuary or to any of the Society's Agents in Great Britain.—CHARLES INGALL, Actuary.
MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE OFFICES,
59, King-street, Cheapside, London, E.C.

Established 1803.

CAPITAL, ONE MILLION STERLING—ALL PAID UP AND INVESTED IN 1806.
Empowered by Special Acts of Parliament.

GLOBE INSURANCE—FIRE: LIFE: ANNUITIES: REVERSIONS—
CORNHILL AND CHARING CROSS, LONDON.

J. W. FRESHFIELD, Esq., M.P., F.R.S.—Chairman.

FOWLER NEWSAM, Esq.—Deputy-Chairman.

GEORGE CARR GLYN, Esq., M.P.—Treasurer.

Life Insurances granted from Fifty to Ten Thousand Pounds, at Rates particularly favourable to the Younger and Middle periods of Life.

No charge for Stamp Duties on Life Policies. Every class of Fire and Life Insurance transacted. Medical Fees generally paid.

Prospectuses, with Life Tables on various plans, may be had at the Offices, and of any of the Agents. WILLIAM NEWMARCH, Secretary.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—GREAT HANDEL FESTIVAL, under the special patronage of Her Majesty the QUEEN and H.R.H. PRINCE ALBERT.—THE THREE PERFORMANCES of the GREAT HANDEL FESTIVAL are now definitively fixed to take place as follows, viz.—MONDAY, June 16, MESSIAH; WEDNESDAY, June 17, JUDAS MACCABEUS; and FRIDAY, June 18, ISRAEL IN EGYPT.

At these performances the orchestra will consist of nearly 2500 performers, viz., 2000 chorus, and 500 stringed, and a due proportion of wood instruments. The entire musical arrangements are undertaken by the Sacred Harmonic Society, Exeter Hall. Conductor, Mr. Costa. In answer to numerous inquiries from parties anxious to secure eligible places for hearing these performances, notice is given, that applications for tickets for places, reserved and numbered as stalls, at one guinea each for each performance, or at two guineas and a-half for one place for the series of three performances, can now be received, and the places secured in numerical order, at the Crystal Palace, or by letter addressed to the Secretary there; and at the Temporary Offices of the Company, 79, Lombard-street; and at the Handel Festival Ticket-office, No. 2, in Exeter Hall. N.B.—No application can be attended to unless accompanied by a remittance for the price of the places applied for. It is requested that Post-office orders be made payable to George Grove, at the General Post-office, and that cheques be made payable to the Company, and crossed Union Bank of London. Subscribers for annual season tickets for the Crystal Palace are respectfully informed that such tickets will not be available for these performances.

By Order.

GEORGE GROVE, Secretary.

Crystal Palace, March 21, 1857.

ORNAMENTS FOR THE DRAWING-ROOM, LIBRARY, and DINING-ROOM, consisting of a great variety of Vases, Figurine Groups, Inkstands, Candlesticks, Inlaid Tables, &c., in Derbyshire Spar, Marble, Italian, baster, Bronze, &c., manufactured and imported by J. TOWNANT, 149, Strand, London.

MEMORIAL CHURCH AT CONSTANTINOPLE. The Exhibition of the several Designs is now open to the Public, Free of Charge, at King's College, Strand, from 9 a.m. till dusk. Will Close April 19th.

FREE TRADE IN ALL BOOKS, MUSIC, &c.—2d. Discount in the 1s. off all Books, Magazines, Periodicals, Quarterly Reviews, Almanacs, Pocket-Books, Diaries, Maps, Prints, &c. The rate of postage is 2d. for each half pound. 4d. Discount in the 1s. off Music, post-free. Buyers of the above will find it a saving in the cost, even after paying the postage or carriage. A £5 order sent carriage-free to all parts of the United Kingdom. Town orders, 5s. and upwards, sent free. Exporters and foreign correspondents are respectfully informed that detailed Prospectuses will be sent post-free to all applicants.

S. & T. GILBERT, 4, Copthall-buildings, back of the Bank of England, E.C.

* Copy the Address.

W. DAWSON and SONS regularly SUPPLY the SATURDAY REVIEW and the other LONDON NEWSPAPERS in town, and by the morning, evening, and foreign mails, to all parts of the United Kingdom, India, Australia, and foreign countries. Advertisements inserted in all the London and country newspapers. A list for 1857, with politics and days of publication, sent gratis on application.

Abchurch-yard, and 74, Cannon-street, City, E. C.; Established 1809.

This Day, price 3s. 6d., Part I.

RULES FOR CONDUCTING THE PRACTICAL OPERATIONS OF A SIEGE. By Lieut.-General Sir CHARLES W. PASKLEY, K.C.B. Royal Engineers, F.R.S., &c. Third Edition.
London: JOHN W. PARKER and SON, West Strand.

LAWFUL CHURCH ORNAMENTS: being an Historical Examination of the Judgment of the Right Hon. Stephen Lushington, D.C.L., in the Case of Westerton v. Liddell, &c.; and of "Aids for Determining some Disputed Points in the Ceremonial of the Church of England." By the Rev. W. GOODE, M.A. With an Appendix on the Judgment of the Right Hon. Sir John Dodson, D.C.L., in the Appeal Liddell v. Westerton, &c. By the Rev. THOMAS WALTER PENNY.
London: JOSEPH MASTERS, 33, Aldersgate-street, and 78, New Bond-street; and J. H. and JAMES PARKER, 377, Strand.

This Day is Published, price 4s.

HINTS FOR SOME IMPROVEMENTS in the AUTHORIZED VERSION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. By the late Rev. JAMES SCHEFFIELD, M.A., Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Cambridge, and Canon of Ely. Fourth Edition. With the Appendix incorporated.
Cambridge: DEIGHTON, BELL, and Co.; London: BELL and DALBY.

MRS. GASKELL'S MEMOIRS OF CURRIER BELL.

Now Ready, in Two Volumes, Post 8vo, with a Portrait of Miss Bronte and a View of Haworth Church and Parsonage, price 24s., cloth.

THE LIFE OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË, Author of "Jane Eyre," "Shirley," "Villette," &c. By MRS. GASKELL, Author of "Mary Barton," "Ruth," "North and South."
London: SMITH, ELDER, and Co., 65, Cornhill.

In Two Volumes, 8vo, with Two Portraits, bound in cloth, price 30s.

THE LIFE AND WORKS OF GOETHE, with Sketches of his Age and Contemporaries, from published and unpublished sources. By G. H. LEWES.

"A work which beyond question surpasses everything which even Germany has produced during the last five-and-twenty years. . . . For the first time, the life of our poet is represented in its fulness, with genial conception and loving enthusiasm; his noble personality from every side depicted with clearness and truth; Goethe's life has almost always in Germany been handled either by learned Professors or constructive literary culture, adds that other culture which a rich and varied inward and outward life alone can bestow, and which brings him into congenial relationship with a poet like Goethe, so as to enable him to place before us a true and lifelike picture of Goethe's personality. . . . It is a work which will secure Lewes an enduring name, not only in the literature of his nation, but also in that which Goethe called the World's literature."—Cologne Gazette.

London: D. NUTT 270, Strand.

Now ready, price One Shilling.

THE MONTHLY REVIEW, No. XVI., for APRIL, 1857.

CONTENTS:

- I. China and Siam.
- II. Italian Revolutions.
- III. Chaldæa and Persia.
- IV. The English Abroad.
- V. Mr. Thackeray on Charity.
- VI. Electioneering Tactics.

ARTHUR HALL, VIRTUE, and Co., Paternoster-row.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW. New Series.—No. XXII.

APRIL, 1857. Price 6s.

CONTENTS:

- I. Present State of Theology in Germany.
- II. The Hindu Drama.
- III. Gunpowder, and its Effect on Civilization.
- IV. Glaciers and Glacier Theories.
- V. Progress: Its Law and Cause.
- VI. The Danubian Principalities.
- VII. Literature and Society.
- VIII. China and the Chinese.

London: JOHN CHAPMAN, 8, King William-street, Strand.

THE IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW. No. XXV. MARCH, 1857. Price 2s. 6d.

CONTENTS:—

- I. Odd Phases in Literature—Third Paper.
- II. Baldwin, First French Emperor of Constantinople.
- III. Suicide: its Motives and Mysteries.
- IV. The Irish Poor Law.
- V. The French Opera at Paris.
- VI. Macaulay a Historian—How not to do it.
- VII. The English Folly Port—The Church Establishment in Ireland.
- VIII. Quarterly Record of the Progress of Reformatory Schools and of Prison Discipline.

Dublin: W. B. KELLY, 8, Grafton-street; SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, and Co., London. To be had of all Booksellers in the United Kingdom.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for APRIL, 1857. No. CCXXXVIII. Price 2s. 6d.

CONTENTS:—

- All Fools' Day; or, The Rival Robbers: A Political Fantomime.
- Senses of Clerical Life.—No. II. Mr. Gill's Love Story. Part II.
- Abolition and Brigs in Greece.
- The Athelings; or the Three Gifts.—Part XI.
- The Land of Gold.
- Melceager's Lament for his Wife Heliodora.
- Remonstrance with Dickens.
- Letters from a Lighthouse.—No. III.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD and SONS, Edinburgh and London.

THE BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.—No. I. Price 6s.

will be published April 1.

CONTENTS:—

- I. Ben Jonson and his Works.
- II. Kane's Arctic Explorations.
- III. Dr. John Tauler—Middle Age Mysticism.
- IV. New Government for the Principality.
- V. Kingsley's "Two Years Ago."
- VI. Sir John Bowring's "Siam."
- VII. Oratory and Orators.
- VIII. Burnes's God in History.
- IX. The Chinese Question and the New Parliament.
- X. Our Epilogue on Affairs and Books.

London: JACKSON and WATFORD, 18, St. Paul's-churchyard; and SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, and Co., Stationers' Hall-court.

On March 31 will be Published, price 5s., the

NATIONAL REVIEW. No. VIII.

CONTENTS:—

- I. Aurora Leigh.
- II. Secondary Punishments.
- III. The Clubs of London.
- IV. Ancient India.
- V. The Phasis of Force.
- VI. The Mutual Relation of History and Religion.
- VII. Memoirs of St. Simon.
- VIII. The Foreign Policy of the English Ministry.
- IX. New Books Suitable for Reading Societies.

London: CHAPMAN and HALL, 193, Piccadilly.

This Day, in Post 8vo, cloth, price 6s.

WARNINGS and CONSOLATIONS spoken in St. Barnabas' Church, Pimlico. By the Rev. JAMES SKINNER.

London: J. and C. MOZLEY, 6, Paternoster-row.

NOTICE.

THE NEW QUARTERLY REVIEW will for the future be Published on the first days of MAY, AUGUST, NOVEMBER, and FEBRUARY, instead of the previous months as heretofore.
216, Regent-street.

NEW EDITION OF MRS. HINXMAN'S POEMS.

Just published, in fcap. 8vo, price 6s. 6d., cloth.

POEMS. By EMMELINE HINXMAN. The Second Edition, revised.

London: LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, LONGMANS, and ROBERTS.

Just published, in 1 vol. post 8vo, price 8s., cloth.

THE METAPHYSICIANS: Being a Memoir of Franz Carvel, Brushmaker, written by Himself; and of Harold Frendling, Esq., written and now republished by Francis Drake, Esq. With Discussions and Revelations relating to Speculative Philosophy, Morals, and Social Progress.

London: LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, LONGMANS, and ROBERTS.

Just published, in 1 vol. 8vo, price 10s. 6d., cloth.

MODERN ENGLISH LITERATURE. ITS BLEMISHES AND DEFECTS. By HENRY H. BAKER, Esq., F.R.S.

CONTENTS:—I. Composition.—2. Blunders.—3. Mannerism.—4. Criticism.—5. Plagiarism.—6. Literary Impostures.

London: LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, LONGMANS, and ROBERTS.

COMPLETION OF TOOKE'S HISTORY OF PRICES.

Just published, in 2 Vols. 8vo, price £2 12s. 6d., cloth.

HISTORY OF PRICES, AND OF THE STATE OF THE CIRCULATION DURING THE NINE YEARS FROM 1848 TO 1856 INCLUSIVE. By THOMAS TOOKE, F.R.S., and WILLIAM NEWMARCH. Forming the Fifth and Sixth Volumes of Tooke's "History of Prices from 1792 to the present time;" and comprising a full Index to the whole of the Six Volumes.

London: LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, LONGMANS, and ROBERTS.

Now ready, in 3 Vols., royal 8vo, price £2, cloth.

HISTORICAL NOTES RELATIVE TO THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND: embracing the Period from the Accession of King Henry VIII. to the Death of Queen Anne, inclusive (1509 to 1714): Designed as a book of instant Reference, for the purpose of ascertaining the Dates of Events mentioned in History and in Manuscripts. The Names of Persons and Events mentioned in History within the above period are placed in Alphabetical and Chronological Order with Dates, and the authority from whence taken is given in each case, whether from Printed History or from Manuscripts. By F. S. THOMAS, Secretary of the Public Record Department. Published under the direction of the Master of the Rolls, and with the sanction of the Lords Commissioners of her Majesty's Treasury.

CONTENTS.

- Vol. I. Henry VIII. to Elizabeth, inclusive (each Reign a separate arrangement).
- Vol. II. James I. to Anne, inclusive (each Reign a separate arrangement).
- Vol. III. Notes relating to Scotland (1500-1542) and Ireland (1500-1558); and lists of Treaties with all Countries.

London: LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, LONGMANS, and ROBERTS.

CARLYLE'S WORKS, CHEAP EDITION.

This day, in crown 8vo, price 4s.

OLIVER CROMWELL'S LETTERS and SPEECHES. Vol. II. By THOMAS CARLYLE. Being the New Volume of the Cheap Re-issue.

Already published,

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION: A HISTORY. 2 vols. crown 8vo, 12s.**OLIVER CROMWELL'S LETTERS and SPEECHES. Vol. I. Crown 8vo, 6s.**

LEVER'S WORKS, CHEAP EDITION.

In April, in crown 8vo, price 4s.

JACK HINTON. By CHARLES LEVER. With Eight Illustrations, by H. K. BROWSE.

Already published,

CHARLES O'MALLEY. 2 Vols., Crown 8vo. With Sixteen Illustrations. Price 8s.**HARRY LORREQUER. Crown 8vo. With Eight Illustrations. Price 4s.**

CHAPMAN and HALL, 193, Piccadilly.

Now ready, 8vo, cloth, price 16s.

THE LIFE and TIMES of SIR PETER CAREW, KT., from the Original Manuscript, with a Historical Introduction and Elucidatory Notes. By JOHN MACLEAN, Esq., F.S.A.

London: BELL and DALDY, 186, Fleet-street.

NEW WORK, ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN LEECH.

On the 31st instant will be published, price 1s.

NO. 2. of "ASK MAMMA;" OR, THE RICHEST COMMONER IN ENGLAND. By the Author of "Sponge's Tour," "Handley Cross," "Hawbuck Grange," &c. With coloured Illustrations on Steel, and numerous Woodcuts, by JOHN LEECH.

BRADBURY and EVANS, 11, Bonverie-street.

HOW TO SPEAK FRENCH CORRECTLY.

Now ready, Fifth Thousand; price 1s. 6d.

LE CENSEUR; OR, ENGLISH ERRORS IN SPEAKING FRENCH.

ROLANDI, Berners-street; LAW, Fleet-street; HAMILTON ADAMS and Co., Paternoster-row.

Crown 8vo, price 12s. 6d., Cloth.

A MANUAL of GEOLOGY, THEORETICAL and PRACTICAL. By JOHN PHILLIPS, M.A., F.R.S., F.G.S., Reader in Geology, and Keeper of the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford. Illustrated by Maps and numerous Engravings."One of the most efficient manuals of geology we possess."—*Athenæum*.

London and Glasgow: RICHARD GRIFFIN and Co.

LIVING CELEBRITIES. A Series of Photographic Portraits, by MAULL and POLYBLANK.

The number for April contains—ROWLAND HILL, Esq.; with Memoir.

MAULL and POLYBLANK, 55, Gracechurch-street; DAVID BOGUE, 86, Fleet-street; and all Book and Print-sellers.

PROFESSOR W. ARCHER BUTLER'S SERMONS.

This day is published, a Second Edition, 8vo, cloth, price 10s. 6d.

SERMONS DOCTRINAL and PRACTICAL. By the Rev. WILLIAM ARCHER BUTLER, M.A., late Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Dublin. Second Series. Edited from the Author's MSS. By JAMES AMIRAEUS JEREMIE, D.D., Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Cambridge. Second Edition.

Lately published, by the same Author,

SERMONS. First Series. Third Edition. 12s.

LECTURES ON ANCIENT PHILOSOPHY. 2 vols. 25s.

LETTERS ON ROMANISM. 10s. 6d.

"A man of glowing genius and diversified accomplishments . . . whose remains fill these five brilliant volumes."—*Edinburgh Review*, July, 1856.

Cambridge: MACMILLAN and Co.

Just Published, fcap. 8vo, price 3s., cloth boards.

LETTERS to JOHN BULL, ESQUIRE, ON LAWYERS and LAW BEFORE. By JOSHUA WILLIAMS, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister at Law, Author of "Principles of the Law of Real and Personal Property."

H. SWEET, 3, Chancery-lane, London.

Now Ready, post 8vo, price 6s.

CONVERSATIONS ON TOPICS of INTEREST BETWEEN TWO FRIENDS, AND EXTRACTS FROM THE PAPERS of a MAN of THE WORLD.

SAUNDERS and OTLEY, Publishers, Conduit-street.

With Woodcuts, 2s. 6d.

A SUNDAY BOOK for the YOUNG; or HABITS of PATRIARCHAL TIMES in the EAST. Other books for young persons, by Miss BULLAR.**DOMESTIC SCENES in GREENLAND and ICELAND. With Woodcuts, 2s. Second Edition.****EVERY-DAY WONDERS; or, FACTS in PHYSIOLOGY WHICH ALL SHOULD KNOW. With Woodcuts, 2s. 6d.**

ENGLAND before the NORMAN CONQUEST, 2s. 6d.

JOHN VAN VOORST, 1, Paternoster-row.

Price 7d.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL of POPULAR LITERATURE, SCIENCE, and ARTS. PART XXXIX. APRIL, 1857.

CONTENTS:—

- Religion, Love, and Marriage in Italy.
- The Weather and the Parks.
- Occasional Notes—
- Work of Law-Reform.
- Good News of the National Health.
- The War-Trail: a Romance. By Captain Mayne Reid. Chapters XXXII—XXXIV.
- Three Chapters out of My Life. Chapter I.
- Fever-Poisons.
- Sonnet. By Calder Campbell.
- The Span of Life.
- The War-Trail: a Romance. Chapters XXXV.—XXXVIII.
- The Theory of Brighton.
- Three Chapters out of My Life. Chapter II.
- A Terra Avis.
- A Walk in Watling Street.
- Humboldt at Home.
- Poetry and Miscellaneous.
- By the Bedroom Fire.
- Glimpses of Affairs in America. By W. Chambers.
- Canonbury Tower.
- The War-Trail: a Romance. Chapters XXXIX.—XLII.
- Fog-seas of the Moon.
- Three Chapters out of My Life. Chapter III.
- Poetry and Miscellaneous.
- Friends and Acquaintances.
- A Ladron Adventure in the Canton River.
- Science versus Poetry.
- The War-Trail: a Romance. Chapters XLIII.—XLV.
- The Month: Science and Arts.
- An Australian Meg Dodo.

W. and R. CHAMBERS, London and Edinburgh.

NEW BURLINGTON-STREET,
March 25.

MR. BENTLEY'S NEW PUBLICATIONS.

NOW READY.

The Second Volume, with Five Portraits, price 10s. 6d., of
THE ENTIRE CORRESPONDENCE OF HORACE WALPOLE, EARL OF ORFORD. Edited by **PETER CUNNINGHAM, F.S.A.** With upwards of Two Hundred original Letters, now first printed. The whole now first chronologically arranged, and a copious Index. To be completed in 8 vols., 8vo, with Portraits &c., price 10s. 6d. each.

II.
CHRISTIE JOHNSTONE. By **CHARLES READE.** Third Edition, uniform with "Never Too Late to Mend," with an Illustration. 3s. 6d.

III.
MEMOIRS OF SIR ROBERT PEEL. By **M. GUIZOT,** Author of "History of Oliver Cromwell," &c. 8vo, 14s.

IV.
PEG WOFFINGTON. By **CHARLES READE.** Second Edition, uniform with "Never Too Late to Mend." With an Illustration. 3s. 6d.

V.
LUCY AYLMER. A Novel by the Author of "The Curate of Overton." 3 Vols.

VI.
MONARCHS RETIRED FROM BUSINESS. By **Dr. DORAN.** Author of "Lives of the Queens of England of the House of Hanover." 2 Vols. Post 8vo, with Portraits. 21s.

VII.
Eighth Thousand.
IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND; a Matter-of-Fact Romance. By **CHARLES READE.** Crown 8vo, price 6s.

VIII.
LETTERS OF JAMES BOSWELL. Author of "The Life of Dr. Johnson." Now first published from the original MSS. 8vo, 14s.

LONDON: **RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON-STREET,**
PUBLISHER IN ORDINARY TO HER MAJESTY.

THE LATEST AND CHEAPEST EDITION OF **BLACKSTONE.**
This Day, Four Large Volumes, 8vo, 42s.
BLACKSTONE'S COMMENTARIES. A New Edition, adapted to the present State of the Law. By **ROBERT MALCOLM KERR,** Barrister-at-Law.
JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle-street.

This Day, 8vo, 1s.
SIR FITZROY KELLY'S LETTER TO LORD LYNDHURST ON THE LATE DEBATE UPON CHINA.
JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle-street.

SUITABLE GIFT BOOKS.
SELECT EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY, CORRESPONDENCE, ETC., OF LEILA ADA. By **O. T. HEIGHWAY.** Royal 18mo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
"One of the most beautiful morsels of this kind of writing we have ever seen."—*Christian Times.*

LEILA ADA, THE JEWISH CONVERT; an Authentic Memoir. By the same Author. New Edition. Royal 18mo, with Portrait, cloth, 3s. 6d.
"One of the most interesting books of its class in English literature."—*Christian Witness.*

THE MEMOIR AND DIARY; in one Vol., cloth, 6s.
London: **PARTRIDGE AND CO., Paternoster-row.**

This Day is published, 3 Vols., Post 8vo, price £1 11s. 6d.
PHOTO THE SULIOTE. A tale of Modern Greece. By **DAVID B. MORIER, Esq.,** late H.B.M. Minister Plenipotentiary at Berne.
L. BOOTH, 307, Regent-street.

ALL THE BEST NEW BOOKS, ENGLISH, FRENCH, AND GERMAN, added immediately on publication to **THE UNITED LIBRARIES, CHURTON AND BOUTH'S, 307, Regent Street, London, W.,** next the Royal Polytechnic Institution.

SUBSCRIPTION, FROM ONE GUINEA PER ANNUM.
Country Subscriptions Two Guineas and upwards.
The following List of Books lately added will show that every work of merit is immediately taken, the numbers only limited by the demand:—
Gaskell's Life of Charlotte Brontë.
Two Years Ago. By **Rev. C. Kingsley.
Macaulay's England. Vols. 3 and 4.
Elizabeth de Valois. By **Mrs. Freer.
Catherine de Medici.
Ivora.—**Aurora Leigh.**
Still Waters.—**May Hamilton.**
Bothwell.—**Perry's Essays.**
Napier's (Sir Charles) Life. 2 vols.
Napier's Baltic Campaign.
Ferrier's Caravan Journey.
Lady Sheil's Persia.
Binning's Travels in Persia.
Bombay to Bushire.
Musgrave's Pilgrimage to Dauphiné.
The Eve of St. Mark.
Friends of Bohemia.
Never Too Late to Mend. By **Reade.**
Sir E. Parry's Life. By his Son.
Bowring's Siam.
Huc's China, Thibet, and Tartary.
Fortune's China.
Gutzlaff's China.
Young's English in China.
Callery and Yvan's Rebellion in China.
Bothwick's California.
Life of Michael Angelo.
Sir Joshua Reynolds's Letters.
Gainsborough's Life. By **Fulcher.
Conybeare's St. Paul.
Stanley's Sinai and Palestine.
Robinson's Biblical Researches.
Bacon's Works. By **Spedding, Ellis, and Heath. Vols. 1, 2, 3.
Bacon's Essays. By **Whately.**
Thornbury's Art and Nature.
Tausler's Life and Sermons.
Guizot's Life of Peel.
Memoirs of Sir Robert Peel. 2 Vols.
*Morier's Photo the Suliote.*********

FOREIGN BOOKS.

Mémoires de Duc de Raguse. 8 tomes.
Quatre Ans de Règne. Par **Dr. Véron.**
Rue Christianisme en Chine en Tartarie et en Thibet. 2 tomes.
De Japon Contemporain. Par **Fraissinet.**
De France en Chine. Par **Dr. Yvan.**
Christ et le Sicle. Par **Bungener.**
Religion Naturelle. Par **J. Simon.**
Les Philosophes Français du XIX. Sicle.
Discours de M. Biot et Réponse de M. Guizot.
Guizot, Sir Robert Peel. Etude Historique.
Detailed Catalogues, with Terms for Families and Book Societies, sent on Application.
307, Regent-street, W., London.

Franz Baco und Seiner Philosophie.
Armuth Leid und Gluck. Von **Barow.**
Vie des Volk Spricht.
Maria Theresia und ihre Zeit. Von **Carlon.**
Nordisches Bilderbuch. Von **Mugge.**
Nach Fünf Jahren. Von **Stahr.**
Die Leute von Seidwyla. Von **Keller.**
Wilhelm von Humboldt. Von **Hayn.**
Gregorius, Leben und Scenerie aus Italien.
Hertha von Fredrike Bremer.
Briefe von Schillers Gattin. Von **Duntzer.**

Third Edition, with a Supplement, Two Volumes, 15s.
ELEMENTS OF MORALITY, INCLUDING POLITY. By **W. WHEWELL, D.D.,** Master of Trinity College, Cambridge.

By the same Author,
LECTURES ON SYSTEMATIC MORALITY. 7s. 6d.

LECTURES ON THE HISTORY OF MORAL PHILOSOPHY IN ENGLAND. 8s.
London: **JOHN W. PARKER AND SON, West Strand.**

Fifth and cheaper Edition, 8s. 6d.
TREATISE ON THE DIFFERENTIAL AND INTEGRAL CALCULUS. By **T. G. HALL, M.A.,** Professor of Mathematics in King's College, London.

By the same Author,
ELEMENTS OF ALGEBRA. Cheaper Edition, 5s.

ELEMENTS OF DESCRIPTIVE GEOMETRY. 6s. 6d.

OUTLINES OF ASTRONOMY. Fourteenth Edition, 10d.
London: **JOHN W. PARKER AND SON, West Strand.**

Seventh Edition, Revised, 7s. 6d.
ESSAYS ON SOME OF THE PECULIARITIES OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION. By **RICHARD WHATELY, D.D.,** Archbishop of Dublin.

By the same Author, Fifth Edition, Revised, 7s. 6d.
ESSAYS ON THE ERRORS OF ROMANISM HAVING THEIR ORIGIN IN HUMAN NATURE.
London: **JOHN W. PARKER AND SON, West Strand.**

FRASER'S MAGAZINE for **APRIL, 1857,** price 2s. 6d.

CONTAINS:—
Siam and the Siamese. By the Author of "Meg of Ellbank."
The Laird's Seam. By the Author of "German Love."
Six Months at Kertch.
The Interpreter: a Tale of the War.
Part IV. By **G. J. Whyte Melville,** Author of "Digby Grand," &c.
Literary Style. In Two Parts. Part II.
The Raven.
Calderon.
Ancient History of Sunbury.
Some Talk about Food.
The Song of the Sarrijee, or Wallachin Courier.
The Elections.
London: **JOHN W. PARKER AND SON, West Strand.**

This day, Octavo, 7s. 6d.
OXFORD ESSAYS, 1857.

The Place of Homer in Education and in History. By the Right Honourable **W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P., M.A.,** Christchurch.
Sicily. By **M. E. GRANT DUFF, M.A.,** Balliol College.
Schemes of Christian Comprehension. By the Rev. **H. B. WILSON, B.D.,** late Fellow of St. John's College.
Ancient Greece and Mediæval Italy. By **E. A. FREEMAN, M.A.,** late Fellow of Trinity College.
The Burnett Prizes. By the Rev. **BADEN POWELL, M.A., F.R.S.,** Savilian Professor of Geometry, Oriel College.
The Jews of Europe in the Middle Ages. By **J. H. BRIDGES, B.A.,** Fellow of Oriel.
Montaigne's Essays. By the Rev. **W. R. CHURCH, M.A.,** late Fellow of Oriel.
Characteristics of Thucydides. By **W. Y. SELLAR, M.A.,** late Fellow of Oriel.

Previously published, 7s. 6d. each,
CAMBRIDGE ESSAYS, 1856.

Roman Law and Legal Education. By **H. J. S. MAINE, LL.D.,** late Queen's Professor of Civil Law; Trinity Hall.
On English Ethnography. By **J. W. DOUGLASSON, D.D.,** late Fellow of Trinity.
Old Studies and New. By **JOHN GROTE, M.A.,** Professor of Moral Philosophy, Fellow of Trinity College.
Taste for the Picturesque among the Greeks. By **E. M. COPE, M.A.,** Fellow of Trinity College.
The Apocryphal Gospels. By **C. J. ELLICOTT, M.A.,** late Fellow of St. John's.
The Protestant Church and Religious Liberty in France. By **W. H. WADSWORTH, M.A.,** Trinity College.
The Fly-Fisher and his Library. By **H. R. FRANCIS, M.A.,** St. John's College.
The Text of Shakespeare. By **CHARLES BARNHAM, D.D.,** St. Peter's College.
Coleridge. By **F. J. A. HORT, M.A.,** Fellow of Trinity College.

OXFORD ESSAYS, 1856.

Comparative Mythology. By **MAX MÜLLER, M.A.,** Taylorian Professor.
The Growth of Laws and Usages of War. By **MONTAGU BERNARD, B.C.L.,** Trinity College.
The Raphael Drawings in the University Galleries. By **GEORGE BUTLER, M.A.,** late Fellow of Exeter College.
The Land-System of Ireland. By **W. O'CONNOR MORRIS, B.A.,** Oriel.
National Education. By **FRED. TEMPLE, M.A.,** late Fellow of Balliol.
Carolingian Romance. By **RICHARD JOHN KING, M.A.,** Exeter.
Review of Mr. Congreve's "Roman Empire of the West." By **GOLDWIN SMITH, M.A.,** Fellow of University College.

CAMBRIDGE ESSAYS, 1855.

The Life and Genius of Molière. By **C. K. WATSON, M.A.,** Trinity College.
The English Language in America. By **C. A. BRISTED, B.A.,** Trinity College.
Notes on Modern Geography. By **FRANCIS GARTON, M.A., F.G.S.,** Trinity College.
Limitations to Severity in War. By **CHARLES BUXTON, M.A.,** Trinity College.
On the Transmutation of Matter. By **G. D. LIVEING, M.A.,** Fellow of St. John's.
The Relations of Novels to Life. By **FITZJAMES STEPHEN, B.A.,** Trinity College.
Prospects of the British Navy. By **R. E. HUGHES, M.A.,** Fellow of Magdalen.
Tennyson's Poems. By **GEORGE BRIMLEY, M.A.,** Trinity.
General Education and Classical Studies. By **W. G. CLARK, M.A.,** Fellow of Trinity, Public Orator.

OXFORD ESSAYS, 1855.

Lucretius and the Pædic Characteristics of his Age. By **W. Y. SELLAR, M.A.,** late Fellow of Oriel College.
Suggestions on the Best Means of Teaching English History. By **J. A. FROTH, M.A.,** late Fellow of Exeter.
Alfred de Meuse. By **F. T. PALGRAVE, Fellow of Exeter.
The Plurality of Worlds. By **HENRY J. S. SMITH, Fellow of Balliol College.
Pærian Literature. By **E. H. COWELL, Magdalen Hall.
Crime and its Excesses. By the Rev. **W. THOMSON, Provost of Queen's College.
Oxford and its Geology. By **J. PHILLIPS, F.R.S.,** Reader of Geology.
Hegel's Philosophy of Right. By **T. C. SANDARS, late Fellow of Oriel College.
Oxford Studies. By the Rev. **M. PATTERSON, Fellow of Lincoln College.
London: **JOHN W. PARKER AND SON, West Strand.**************

London: Printed by **THOMAS CHURCHILL SAVILL** and **JAMES ALLEN EDWARDS,** at their Office, 4, Chandos-street, Covent-garden, in the County of Middlesex; and Published by **JOHN WILLIAM PARKER AND SON,** at 445, West Strand, in the same County.
March 28, 1857.